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MISCELLANIES.

THE
FOURTH VOLUME.

CONSISTING of
V E R S E S

BY
Dr. SWIFT, Dr. ARBUTHNOT,
Mr. POPE, and Mr. GAY.



L O N D O N,

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MDCCLI.

MISCELLANIES

THE

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FOURTH VOLUME

M. B. Whistler Verses in this Volume are not
marked with a star as in the Swiss.

VERSES



A Description of a
Virgin's Georg

DE SWITZ
The young
M. B. Whistler is the first

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(1)

MISCELLANIES

In VERSE.

CADENUS and VANESSA.

Written Anno 1713.

THE *Shepherds* and the *Nymphs* were seen
Pleading before the *Cyprian Queen*.
The Council for the Fair began,
Accusing the false Creature *Man*.

THE Brief with weighty Crimes was charg'd,
On which the Pleader much enlarg'd;
That *Cupid* now has lost his Art,
Or blunts the Point of ev'ry Dart;

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B

His

His Altar now no longer smokes,
 His Mother's Aid no Youth invokes :
 This tempts Free-thinkers to refine,
 And bring in Doubt their Pow'rs divine ;
 Now Love is dwindled to Intrigue,
 And Marriage grown a Money-League.
 Which Crimes aforefaid (with her Leave)
 Were (as he humbly did conceive)
 Against our Sov'reign Lady's Peace,
 Against the Statutes in that Case,
 Against her Dignity and Crown :
 Then pray'd an Answer, and sat down.

THE *Nymphs* with Scorn beheld their Foes :
 When the Defendant's Council rose,
 And, what no Lawyer ever lac'd,
 With Impudence own'd all the Fact.
 But, what the gentlest Heart would vex,
 Laid all the Fault on t'other Sex.
 That modern Love is no such thing
 As what those ancient Poets sing ;
 A Fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
 Conceived and kindled in the Mind,
 Which having found an equal Flame,
 Unites, and both become the same,
 In diff'rent Breasts together burn,
 Together both to Ashes turn.
 But Women now feel no such Fire,
 And only know the gross Desire.

Their

Their Passions move in lower Spheres,
Where-e'er Caprice or Folly steers:
A Dog, a Parrot, or an Ape,
Or some worse Brute in human Shape,
Engross the Fancies of the Fair,
The few soft Moments they can spare,
From Visits to receive and pay,
From Scandal, Politicks, and Play,
From Fans, and Flounces, and Brocades,
From Equipage and Park-Parades,
From all the thousand Female Toys,
From ev'ry Trifle that employs
The out or inside of their Heads,
Between their Toylets and their Beds.

IN a dull Stream, which moving slow
You hardly see the Current flow,
If a small Breeze obstructs the Course,
It whirls about for want of Force,
And in its narrow Circle gathers
Nothing but Chaff, and Straws, and Feathers:
The Current of a Female Mind
Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry Wind;
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, Fops, and Rakes, for Chaff and Straws:
Hence we conclude, no Womens Hearts
Are won by Virtue, Wit, and Parts;
Nor are the Men of Sense to blame
For Breasts incapable of Flame:

The Fault must on the *Nymph's* be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their Taste.

THE Pleader having spoke his best,
Had Witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on Oath depose,
When Questions on the Fact arose,
That ev'ry Article was true;
No further those Deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would insist,
The Bill might be with Costs dismiss'd.

THE Cause appear'd of so much Weight,
The *Venus* from the Judgment-Seat.
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a Cloud:
For if the Heav'nly Folk should know
These Pleadings in the Courts below,
That Mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could shew her Face above.
For Gods, their Betters, are too wise
To value that which Men despise.
And then, said she, my Son and I
Must strole in Air 'twixt Earth and Sky;
Or else, shut out from Heav'n and Earth,
Fly to the Sea, my Place of Birth;
There live with daggled *Mermaids* pent,
And keep on Fish perpetual *Lent*.

BUT since the Case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take Advice.

The *Muses*, by their King's Permission,
 Tho' Foes to Love, attend the Session,
 And on the Right Hand took their Places
 In Order; on the Left, the *Graces*
 To whom she might her Doubts propose
 On all Emergencies that rose.
 The *Muses* oft were seen to frown;
 The *Graces* half aham'd look down;
 And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
 Of either Sex, among the Crew,
 Whom she or her Assessors knew.
 The Goddesses soon began to see
 Things were not ripe for a Decree;
 And said she must consult her Books,
 The *Lovers Fletas*, *Bractons*, *Cokes*.
 First to a dapper Clerk she beckon'd,
 To turn to *Ovid*, Book the Second;
 She then referr'd them to a Place
 In *Virgil* (*vide Dido's Case*;)
 As for *Tibullus's* Reports,
 They never pass'd for Law in Courts:
 For *Cowley's* Briefs, and Pleas of *Waller*,
 Still their Authority is smaller.

THERE was on both Sides much to say;
 She'd hear the Cause another Day,
 And so she did, and then a Third,
 She heard it——there she kept her Word;

But with Rejoinders and Replies,
Long Bills, and Answers, stuff'd with Lies,
Demur, Imparlance, and Efloign,
The Parties ne'er could Issue join:
For Sixteen Years the Cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

Now, gentle *Clio*, sing or say,
What *Venus* meant by this Delay.
The Goddess much perplex'd in Mind,
To see her Empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand Debate arose
Above her Wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a Project in her Head,
To work her Ends; which if it sped,
Wou'd shew the Merits of the Cause,
Far better than consulting Laws.

IN a glad Hour *Lucina's* Aid
Produc'd on Earth a wond'rous Maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new Experiment,
She threw her Law-books on the Shelf,
And thus debated with herself:

SINCE Men alledge they ne'er can find,
Those beauties in a Female Mind,
Which raise a Flame that will endure
For ever, uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with Reason they complain,
This Instant shall restore my Reign.

CADENUS and VANESSA.

I'll search where ev'ry Virtue dwells,
From Courts inclusive down to Cells.
What Preachers talk, or Sages write,
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to Mankind
Collected in that Infant's Mind.

THIS said, she plucks in Heav'n's high Bow'r
A Spring of *Amaranthine* Flow'rs,
In Nectar thrice infuses Bays,
Three Times refin'd in *Titan's* Rays:
Then calls the *Graces* to her Aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born Maid.
From whence the tender Skin assumes
A Sweetness above all Perfumes;
From whence a Cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward Stains;
From whence that Decency of Mind,
So lovely in a Female Kind.
Where not one careless Thought intrudes,
Less modest than the Speech of Prudes:
Where never Blush was call'd in Aid,
The spurious Virtue in a Maid,
A Virtue but at second-hand;
They blush because they understand.

THE *Graces* next would act their Part,
And shew but little of their Art;
Their Work was half already done,
The Child with native Beauty shone,

The outward Form no Help requir'd :
 Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
 That gentle, soft, engaging Air,
 Which in old Times adorn'd the Fair;
 And said, "*Vanessa* be the Name,
 " By which thou shalt be known to Fame,
 "*Vanessa*, by the God's enroll'd :
 " Her Name on Earth — shall not be told."

BUT still the Work was not compleat,
 When *Venus* thought on a Deceit :
 Drawn by her Doves, away she flies,
 And finds out *Pallas*, in the Skies :
 Dear *Pallas*, I have been this Morn
 To see a lovely Infant born :
 A Boy in yonder Isle below,
 So like my own without his Bow,
 By Beauty could your Heart be won,
 You'd swear it is *Apollo's* Son ;
 But it shall ne'er be said, a Child
 So hopeful, has by me been spoil'd ;
 I have enough besides to spare,
 And give him wholly to your Care.

WISDOM's above suspecting Wiles ;
 The Queen of Learning gravely smiles,
 Down from *Olympus* comes with Joy,
 Mistakes *Vanessa* for a Boy ;
 Then sows within her tender Mind
 Seeds long unknown to Womankind ;

For

For manly Bosoms chiefly fit,
 The Seeds of Knowledge, Judgment, Wit:
 Her Soul was suddenly endu'd
 With Justice, Truth, and Fortitude;
 With Honour, which no Breath can stain,
 Which Malice must attack in vain;
 With open Heart, and bounteous Hand:
 But *Pallas* here was at a Stand;
 She knew, in our degen'rate Days,
 Bare Virtue could not live on Praise.
 That Meat must be with Money bought:
 She therefore, upon second Thought,
 Infus'd, yet as it were by Stealth,
 Some small Regard for State and Wealth:
 Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd
 A Tincture in the prudent Maid:
 She manag'd her Estate with Care,
 Yet lik'd three Footmen to her Chair,
 But lest he should neglect his Studies
 Like a young Heir, the thrifty Goddess
 (For fear young Master should be spoil'd)
 Wou'd use him like a younger Child;
 And, after long computing, found
 'Twou'd come to just Five Thousand Pound.

THE Queen of Love, was pleas'd, and proud,
 To see *Vanessa* thus endow'd;
 She doubted not but such a Dame
 Thro' ev'ry Breast would dart a Flame;

That

That ev'ry rich and lordly Swain
 With Pride wou'd drag about her Chain;
 That Scholars would forsake their Books
 To study bright *Vanessa's* Looks:
 As she advanc'd that Womankind
 Wou'd by her Model form their Mind,
 And all their Conduct wou'd be try'd
 By her, as an unerring Guide.
 Offending Daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's Praise rung in their Ear:
 Miss *Betty*, when she does a Fault,
 Lets fall her Knife, or spills the Salt,
 Will thus be by her Mother chid,
 " 'Tis what *Vanessa* never did."
 Thus by the Nymphs and Swains ador'd,
 My Pow'r shall be again restor'd,
 And happy Lovers bless my Reign——
 So *Venus* hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For when in Time the *Marital* Maid
 Found out the Trick that *Venus* play'd,
 She shakes her Helm, she knits her Brows,
 And, fir'd with Indignation, vows,
 To-morrow, e'er the Setting-Sun,
 She'd all undo, that she had done.

BUT in the Poets we may find
 A wholesome Law, Time out of Mind,
 Had been confirm'd by Fate's Decree;
 That God's of whatsoe'er Degree,

Resume

Resume not what themselves have giv'n,
 Or any Brother-God in Heav'n;
 Which keeps the Peace among the Gods,
 Or they must always be at Odds,
 And *Pallas*, if she broke the Laws,
 Must yield her Foe the stronger Cause;
 A Shame to one so much ador'd
 For Wisdom, at *Jove's* Council-Board.
 Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
 Wou'd meet with better Friends above.
 And tho' she must with Grief reflect,
 To see a Mortal Virgin deck'd
 With Graces, hitherto unknown
 To Female Breasts, except her own;
 Yet she would act as best became
 A Goddess of unspotted Fame;
 She knew by Augury Divine,
Venus would fail in her Design:
 She study'd well the Point, and found
 Her Foes Conclusions were not sound,
 From Premisses erroneous brought,
 And therefore the Deduction's naught,
 And must have contrary Effects
 To what her treach'rous Foe expects.

IN proper Season *Pallas* meets
 The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets,
 (For Gods, we are by *Homer* told,
 Can in Celestial Language scold)

Perfi-

Perfidious Goddess! but in vain,
 You form'd this Project in your Brain,
 A Project for thy Talents fit,
 With much Deceit, and little Wit;
 Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
 Deceiv'd thy self, instead of me;
 For how can Heav'nly Wisdom prove,
 An Instrument to Earthly Love?
 Know'st thou not yet that Men commence
 Thy Votaries, for Want of Sense
 Nor shall *Vanessa* be the Theme
 To manage thy abortive Scheme;
 She'll prove the greatest of thy Foes:
 And yet I scorn to interpose,
 But using neither Skill, nor Force,
 Leave all Things to their nat'ral Course.

THE Goddess thus pronounc'd her Doom:
 When, lo! *Vanessa* in her Bloom,
 Advanc'd like *Atalanta's* Star,
 But rarely seen, and seen from far;
 In a new World with Caution stept,
 Watch'd all the Company she kept,
 Well knowing from the Books she read
 What dang'rous Paths young Virgins tread;
 Wou'd seldom at the Park appear,
 Nor saw the Play-house twice a Year;
 Yet not incurious, was inclin'd
 To know the Converse of Mankind.

FIRST

FIRST issued from Perfumers Shops
A Croud of fashionable Fops ;
They ask'd her, how she lik'd the Play ?
Then told the Tattle of the Day,
A Duel fought last Night at Two,
About a Lady——You know who ;
Mention'd a new *Italian*, come
Either from *Muscovy* or *Rome* ;
Gave Hints of who and who's together ;
Then fell to talking of the Weather :
Last Night was so extremely fine,
The Ladies walk'd till after Nine.
Then in soft Voice, and Speech absurd,
With Nonsense ev'ry second Word,
With Fustian from exploded Plays,
They celebrate her Beauty's Praise,
Run o'er their Cant of stupid Lies,
And tell the Murders of her Eyes.

WITH silent scorn *Vanessa* sat,
Scarce list'ning to their idle Chat ;
Further than sometimes by a Frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their Wisdom's full Extent ;
And said, she valu'd nothing less
Than Titles, Figure, Shape, and Dress ;
That Merit should be chiefly plac'd
In Judgment, Knowledge, Wit, and Taste ;

And

14 CADENUS and VANESSA.

And these, she offer'd to dispute,
 Alone distinguish'd Man from Brute :
 That, present Times have no Pretence
 To Virtue, in the Noble Sense
 By *Greeks* and *Romans* understood,
 To perish for our Country's Good.
 She nam'd the ancient Heroes round,
 Explain'd for what they were renown'd ;
 Then spoke with Censure, or Applause,
 Of foreign Customs, Rites, and Laws ;
 Thro' Nature and thro' Art she rang'd,
 And gracefully her Subject chang'd :
 In vain ; her Hearers had no Share
 In all she spoke, except to stare.
 Their Judgment was upon the Whole,
 — That Lady is the dullest Soul —
 Then tipt their Forehead in a Jeer,
 As who should say — she wants it here ;
 She may be handsome, young, and rich,
 But none will burn her for a Witch.

A PARTY next of glitt'ring Dames,
 From round the Purlieus of St. James,
 Came early, out of pure Good-will,
 To see the Girl in Deshabille.
 Their Clamour 'lighting from their Chairs,'
 Grew louder, all the Way up Stairs ;
 At Entrance loudest, where they found,
 The Room with Volumes litter'd round,

Vanessa

Vanessa held *Montaigne*, and read,
Whilst Mrs. *Susan* comb'd her Head:
They call'd for Tea and Chocolate,
And fell into their usual Chat,
Discourſing with important Face,
On Ribbons, Fans, and Gloves, and Lace:
Shew'd Patterns juſt from *India* brought,
And gravely aſk'd her what ſhe thought,
Whether the Red or Green were beſt,
And what they coſt. *Vanessa* gueſs'd,
As came into her Fancy firſt,
Nam'd half the Rates, and lik'd the worſt.
To Sandal next—What awkward Thing
Was that, laſt *Sunday*, in the Ring?
I'm ſorry *Mopſa* breaks ſo faſt;
I ſaid her Face wou'd never laſt.
Corinna with that youthful Air,
Is Thirty, and a Bit to ſpare.
Her fondneſs for a certain Earl
Began, when I was but a Girl.
Phyllis, who but a Month ago,
Was marry'd to the *Tunbridge* Beau,
I ſaw coquetting t'other Night
In publick with that odious Knight.

THEY rally'd next *Vanessa's* Dreſs;
That Gown was made for old Queen *Beſs*.
Dear Madam, Let me ſee your Head;
Don't you intend to put on Red?

A Pet-

A Petticoat without a Hoop !
 Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop ;
 With handsome Garters at your Knees,
 No matter what a Fellow sees.

FILL'd with Disdain, with Rage inflam'd,
 Both of herself and Sex asham'd,
 The Nymph stood silent out of Spight,
 Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
 Away the fair Detractors went,
 And gave, by Turns, their Censures Vent.
 She's not so handsome, in my Eyes :
 For Wit, I wonder where it lies.
 She's fair and clean, and that's the most ;
 But why proclaim her for a Toast ?
 A Baby Face, no Life, no Airs,
 But what she learnt at Country Fairs :
 Scarce knows what Diff'rence is between
 Rich *Flanders* Lace, and *Colberteen*.
 I'll undertake my little *Nancy*
 In Flounces has a better Fancy.
 With all her Wit, I would not ask
 Her Judgment, how to buy a Mask.
 We begg'd her but to patch her Face,
 She never hit one proper Place ;
 Which ev'ry Girl at five Years old
 Can do as soon as she is told.
 I own that out-of-fashion Stuff
 Becomes the *Creature* well enough.

The

The Girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the World a little better.

(*To know the World!* a modern Phrase,
For Visits, Ombre, Balls, and Plays.)

THUS, to the World's perpetual Shame,
The *Queen of Beauty* lost her Aim,
Too late with Grief she understood
Pallas had done more Harm than Good;
For great Examples are but vain,
Where Ignorance begets Disdain.
Both Sexes, arm'd with Guilt and Spite,
Against *Vanessa's* Pow'r unite;
To copy her few Nymphs aspir'd;
Her Virtues fewer Swains admir'd;
So Stars beyond a certain Height,
Give Mortals neither Heat nor Light.

YET some of either Sex, endow'd
With Gifts superior to the Crowd,
With Virtue, Knowledge, Taste, and Wit,
She condescended to admit;
With pleasing Arts she could reduce
Men's Talents to their proper Use;
And with Address each Genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd;
Thus making others Wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest Youth said something new.
She plac'd it in the strongest View.

All humble Worth she strove to raise ;
 Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
 The Learned met with free Approach,
 Although they came not in a Coach.
 Some Clergy too she would allow,
 Nor quarrel'd at their awkward Bow.
 But this was for *Cadmus*' Sake ;
 A Gownman of a diff'rent Make.
 Whom *Pallas*, once *Vanessa*'s Tutor,
 Had fix'd on for her Coadjutor.

BUT *Cupid*, full of Mischief, longs
 To vindicate his Mother's Wrongs.
 On *Pallas* all Attempts are vain ;
 One Way he knows to give her Pain ;
 Vows, on *Vanessa*'s Heart to take
 Due Vengeance, for her Patron's Sake.
 Those early Seeds by *Venus* sown,
 In spite of *Pallas*, now were grown ;
 And *Cupid* hop'd they would improve
 By Time, and ripen into Love.
 The Boy made use of all his Craft,
 In vain discharging many a Shift,
 Pointed at Col'nels, Lords, and Beaux ;
Cadmus warded off the Blows,
 For placing still some Book betwixt,
 The Darts were in the Cover fix'd,
 Or often blunted and recoil'd,
 On *Plutarch's* *Morals* struck, were spoil'd,

THE Queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent the Fates Decree;
And human Caution tries in vain
To break that Adamantine Chain.
Vanessa, though by *Pallas* taught,
By *Love* invulnerable thought,
Searching in Books for Wisdom's Aid,
Was, in the very Search, betray'd.

CUPID, tho' all his Darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no Cost;
He could not answer to his Fame
The Triumphs of that stubborn Dame,
A Nymph so harp to be subdu'd,
Who neither was Coquette nor Prude.
I find, says he, she wants a Doctor,
Both to adore her, and instruct her:

I'll give her what she most admires,
Among those venerable Sires.
Cadenus is a Subject fit,
Grown old in Politics and Wit;
Carefs'd by Ministers of State,
Of half Mankind the Dread and Hate.
Whate'er Vexations Love attend,
She need no Rivals apprehend.
Her Sex, with universal Voice,
Must laugh at her capricious Choice.

CADENUS many Things had writ,
Vanessa much esteem'd his Wit,

And call'd for his Poetic Works!
 Mean Time the Boy in Secret lurks,
 And while the Book was in her Hand,
 The Urchin from his private Stand
 Took Aim, and shot with all his Strength
 A Dart of such prodigious Length,
 It pierc'd the feeble Volume thro',
 And deep transfix'd her Bosom too.
 Some Lines, more moving than the rest,
 Struck to the Point that pierc'd her Breast;
 And, borne directly to the Heart,
 With Pains unknown, increas'd her Smart.

VANESSA, not in Years a Score,
 Dreams of a Gown of Forty-four;
 Imaginary Charms can find,
 In Eyes with Reading almost blind;
Cadenus now no more appears
 Declin'd in Health, advanc'd in Years.
 She fancies Musick in his Tongue,
 Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
 What Mariner is not afraid,
 To venture in a Ship decay'd?
 What Planter will attempt to yoke
 A Sapling with a falling Oak?
 As Years increase, she brighter shines;
Cadenus with each Day declines,
 And he must fall a Prey to Time,
 While she continues in her Prime.

CADENUS

CADENUS, common Forms apart,
 In ev'ry Scene had kept his Heart;
 Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
 For Pastime, or to shew his Wit;
 But Time, and Books, and State Affairs,
 Had spoil'd his fashionable Airs;
 He now could praise, esteem, approve,
 But understood not what was Love.
 His Conduct might have made him styl'd
 A Father, and the Nymph his Child.
 That innocent Delight he took
 To see the Virgin mind her Book,
 Was but the Master's secret Joy
 In School to hear the finest Boy.
 Her Knowledge with her Fancy grew;
 She hourly press'd for something new;
 Ideas came into her Mind
 So fast, his Lessons lagg'd behind;
 She reason'd, without plodding long,
 Nor ever gave her Judgment wrong.
 But now a sudden Change was wrought,
 She minds no longer what he taught.
 Cadenus was amaz'd to find
 Such Marks of a distracted Mind;
 For tho' she seem'd to listen more
 To all he spoke, than ere before;
 He found her Thoughts would absent range,
 Yet guess'd not whence could spring the Change.

And first he modestly conjectures
His Pupil might be tir'd with Lectures:
Which help'd to mortify his Pride,
Yet gave him not the Heart to chide;
But in a mild dejected Strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain:
Said, she should be no longer teiz'd;
Might have her Freedom when she pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd he acted wrong,
To hide her from the World so long;
And in dull Studies to engage
One of her tender Sex and Age.
That ev'ry Nymph with Envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *Grand-Monde*,
And ev'ry Shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a Nun.
This was a visionary Scheme;
He wak'd, and found it but a Dream;
A Project far above his Skill,
For Nature must be Nature still.
If she was bolder than became
A Scholar to a courtly Dame,
She might excuse a Man of Letters;
Thus Tutors often treat their Betters,
And since his Talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last Adieu.

VANESSA, fill'd with just Disdain,
Would still her Dignity maintain,

Instructed

Instructed from her early Years
To scorn the Art of Female Tears.

HAD he employ'd his Time so long,
To teach her what was Right or Wrong,
Yet could such Notions entertain,
That all his Lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wand'ring of her Thoughts,
But he must answer for her Faults.
She well remember'd to her Cost,
That all his Lessons were not lost.
Two Maxims she could still produce,
And sad Experience taught her Use:
That Virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dare not own;
Can make us without Fear disclose
Our inmost Secrets to our Foes;
That common Forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble Mind.

Now, said the Nymph, I'll let you see
My Actions with your Rules agree,
That I can vulgar Forms despise,
And have no Secrets to disguise.
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dang'rous Things were Men of Wit;
You caution'd me against their Charms,
But never gave me equal Arms:
Your Lessons found the weakest Part,
Aim'd at the Head, but reach'd the Heart.

CADENUS felt within him rise
Shame, Disappointment, Guilt, Surprise;
He knew not how to reconcile
Such Language, with her usual Style;
And yet her Words were so express'd,
He could not hope she spoke in Jest.
His Thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her Mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the Nymph were Young or Old;
Had met her in a public Place,
Without distinguishing her Face,
Much less could his declining Age
Vanessa's earliest Thoughts engage.
And if her Youth, Indifference met,
His Person must Contempt beget:
Or grant her Passion be sincere,
How shall his Innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The World must think him in the wrong;
Would say, He made a treach'rous Use
Of Wit, to flatter and seduce:
The Town would swear he had betray'd,
By Magick-Spells, the harmless Maid;
And ev'ry Beau would have his Jokes,
That Scholars are like other Folks;
That when Platonick Flights were over,
The Tutor turn'd a mortal Lover,

So tender of the young and Fair?
It shew'd a true Paternal Care——
Five Thousand Guineas in her Purse?
The Doctor might have fancy'd worse.

HARDLY at length he Silence broke,
And falter'd ev'ry Word he spoke;
Interpreting her Complaisance,
Just as a Man *sans Consequence*.
She rally'd well, he always knew;
Her Manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an Air,
As serious as a Tragick Player.
But those who aim at ridicule,
Should fix upon some certain Rule,
Which fairly hints they are in Jest,
Else he must enter his Protest;
For let a Man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober Lies;
A Science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought:
For, take it in its proper Light,
'Tis just what Coxcombs call a *Bite*.

BUT not to dwell on Things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the Dispute,
Brought weighty Arguments to prove
That Reason was her Guide in Love.
She thought he had himself describ'd,
His Doctrines when she first imbib'd;

What

What he had planted, now was grown;
His Virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or Contempt her Fancy strikes.
Self-love in Nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her,
She loves herself, and that's the Matter.
How was her Tutor wont to praise,
The Genius's of ancient Days!
(Those Authors he so oft had nam'd
For Learning, Wit, and Wisdom fam'd)
Was struck with Love, Esteem, and Awe,
For Persons whom he never saw.
Suppose *Cadenus* flourish'd then,
He must adore such God-like Men.
If one short Volume could comprize
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd, and read,
Altho' the Writer long were dead?
If such an Author were alive,
How all would for his Friendship strive;
And come in Crowds to see his Face?
And this she takes to be her Case.
Cadenus answers ev'ry End,
The Book, the Author, and the Friend,
The utmost her Desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach;

His

His Converse is a System fit
Alone to fill up all her Wit;
While ev'ry Passion of her Mind
In him is centred and confin'd.

LOVE can with Speech inspire a Mute,
And taught *Vanessa* to dispute.
This Topick, never touch'd before,
Display'd her Eloquence the more:
Her Knowledge with such Pains acquir'd,
By this new Passion grew inspir'd.
Thro' this she made all Objects pass,
Which gave a Tincture o'er the Mass;
As Rivers, tho' they bend and twine,
Still to the Sea their Course incline;
Or, as Philosophers, who find
Some fav'rite System to their Mind,
In ev'ry Point to make it fit,
Will force all Nature to submit.

CADENUS, who could ne'er suspect
His Lessons would have such Effect,
Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her Side:
It was an unforeseen Event,
Things took a Turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a Hero to our Eyes:
Each Girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the Teacher in her Thought.

When

When Miss delights in her Spinnet,
 A Fidler may a Fortune get;
 A Blockhead, with melodious Voice,
 In Boarding-Schools can have his Choice;
 And oft' the Dancing-Master's Art
 Climbs from the Toe to touch the Heart.
 In Learning let a Nymph delight,
 The Pedant gets a Mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his Grief and Shame,
 Could scarce oppose *Vanessa's* Flame;
 But tho' her Arguments were strong,
 At least could hardly with them wrong.
 Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
 But, sure, she never talk'd so well.
 His Pride began to interpose,
 Preferr'd before a Crowd of Beaux,
 So bright a Nymph to come unsought,
 Such Wonder by his Merit wrought;
 'Tis Merit must with her prevail,
 He never knew her Judgment fail.
 She noted all she ever read,
 And had a most discerning Head.

'Tis an old Maxim in the Schools,
 That Vanity's the Food of Fools;
 Yet now and then your Men of Wit
 Will condescend to take a Bit.

So when *Cadenus* could not hide,
 He chose to justify his Pride;

Constr'ing

Constr'ing the Passion she had shown,
 Much to her Praise, more to his own.
 Nature in him had Merit plac'd,
 In her, a most judicious Taste.
 Love, hitherto a transient Guest,
 Ne'er held Possession in his Breast;
 So long attending at the Gate,
 Disdain'd to enter in so late.
 Love, why do we one Passion call?
 When 'tis a Compound of them all;
 Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
 In all their Equipages meet,
 Where Pleasures mix'd with Pains appear,
 Sorrow with Joy, and Hope with Fear.
 Wherein his Dignity and Age
 Forbid *Cadenus* to engage.
 But Friendship in its greatest Height,
 A constant, rational Delight,
 On Virtue's Basis fix'd to last,
 When Love's Allurements long are past;
 Which gently warms, but cannot burn;
 He gladly offers in Return;
 His want of Passion will redeem,
 With Gratitude, Respect, Esteem;
 With what Devotion we bestow,
 When Goddesses appear below.

WHILE thus *Cadenus* entertains
Vanessa in exalted Strains,

The

The Nymph in sober Words intreats
A Truce with all sublime Conceits.
For why such Raptures, Flights, and Fancies,
To her who durst not read Romances ;
In lofty Style to make Replies,
Which he had taught her to despise ?
But when her Tutor will affect
Devotion, Duty, and Respect,
He fairly abdicates his Throne,
The Government is now her own ;
He has a Forfeiture incurr'd,
She vows to take him at his Word,
And hopes he will not take it strange
If both should now their Stations change.
The Nymph will have her Turn, to be
The Tutor ; and the Pupil, he :
Tho' she already can discern,
Her Scholar is not apt to learn ;
Or wants Capacity to reach
The Science she designs to teach ;
Wherein his Genius was below
This Skill of ev'ry common Beau ;
Who, tho' he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a Lady's Eyes ?
And will each accidental Glance
Interpret for a kind Advance.

BUT what Success *Vanessa* met,
Is to the World a Secret yet ;

Whether

Whether the Nymph, to please her Swain,
Talks in a high romantick Strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To like with less Seraphic Ends;
Or to compound the Bus'ness, whether
They temper Love and Books together;
Must never to Mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

MEAN time the mournful *Queen of Love*
Led but a weary Life above.
She ventures now to leave the Skies,
Grown by *Vanessa's* Conduct wise.
For tho' by one perverse Event
Pallas had cross'd her first Intent,
Tho' her Design was not obtain'd,
Yet had she much Experience gain'd:
And, by the Project vainly try'd,
Could better now the Cause decide.
She gave due Notice, that both Parties,
Coram Regina prox' die Martis,
Should at their Peril without fail
Come and appear, and save their Bail.
All met, and Silence thrice proclaim'd,
One Lawyer to each Side was nam'd.
The judge discover'd in her Face
Resentments for her late Disgrace;
And, full of Anger, Shame and Grief,
Directed them to mind their Brief;

Not

Nor spend their Time to shew their Reading;
 She'd have a summary Proceeding.
 She gather'd under ev'ry Head,
 The Sum of what each Lawyer said;
 Gave her own Reasons last; and then
 Decreed the Cause against the *Men*.

BUT, in a weighty Case like this,
 To shew she did not judge amiss,
 Which evil Tongues might else report,
 She made a Speech in open Court;
 Wherein she grievously complains,
 "How she was cheated by the Swains."
 On whose Petition (humbly shewing
 That Women were not worth the wooing,
 And that unless the Sex would mend,
 The Race of Lovers soon must end;)
 "She was at Lord knows what Expence,
 "To form a Nymph of Wit and Sense;
 "A Model for her Sex design'd,
 "Who never could one Lover find.
 "She saw her Favour was misplac'd;
 "The Fellows had a wretched Taste;
 "She needs must tell them to their Face,
 "They were a senseless, stupid Race;
 "And were she to begin again,
 "She'd study to reform the *Men*;
 "Or add some Grains of Folly more
 "To *Women* than they had before.

"To

" To put them on an equal Foot ;
 " And this, or nothing else, would do't.
 " This might their mutual Fancy strike,
 " Since ev'ry Being loves its *Like*.
 " B U T now, repenting what was done,
 " She left all Bus'ness to her Son ;
 " She puts the World in his Possession,
 " And let him use it at Discretion."
 The Cry'r was order'd to dismiss
 The Court, so made his last *Oyes* !
 The Goddess would no longer wait ;
 But rising from her Chair of State,
 Left all below at Six and Sev'n,
 Harness'd her Doves, and flew to Heav'n.

BAUCIS and PHILEMON,

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

IN ancient Times, as Story tells,
 The Saints would often leave their Cells.
 And strole about, but hide their Quality,
 To try good People's Hospitality.

I T happen'd on a Winter Night,
 As Authors of the Legend write,
 Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
 Taking their *Tour* in Masquerade,

34 BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went
To a small Village down in *Kent* ;
Where, in the Strollers canting Strain,
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain ;
Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
But not a Soul would let them in.

OUR wand'ring Saints in woful State.
Treated at this ungodly Rate ;
Having thro' all the Village pass'd,
To a small Cottage came at last ;
Where dwelt a good honest old Yeoman,
Call'd, in the Neighbourhood, *Philemon*.
Who kindly did these Saints invite
In his poor Hut to pass the Night ;
And then the hospitable Sire
Bid Goody *Baucis* mend the Fire ;
While he from out the Chimney took
A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook ;
And freely from the fattest Side
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd ;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em Drink,
Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round ;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop.
The good old Couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd ;

For

For both were frightned to the Heart,
And just began to cry,——What art!
Then softly turn'd aside to view,
Whether the Lights were burning Blue.
The gentle *Pilgrims*, soon aware on't,
Told 'em their Calling, and their Errand;
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *Saints*, the Hermits said;
No Hurt shall come to you or yours;
But, for that Pack of churlish Boors,
Not fit to live on Christian Ground,
They and their Houses shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.

THEY scarce had spoke; when fair and soft,
The Roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after.

THE Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.

THE Kettle to the Top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a Joist;
But with the Upside down, to shew
Its Inclination for Below;
In vain; for a superior Force
Apply'd at Bottom, stops its Course,
Doom'd ever in Suspence to dwell,
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell,

36 BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

A WOODEN Jack, which had almost
Loft, by difuse, the Art to roast,
A sudden Alteration feels,
Increas'd by new Intestine Wheels;
And what exalts the Wonder more,
The Number made the Motion flow'r.

The Flyer, tho't had leaden Feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't;
But slacken'd by some secret Pow'r,
Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.
The Jack and Chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's Side:
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
The Jack would not be left alone;
But up against the Steeple rear'd,
Became a Clock, and still adher'd;
And still its Love to household Cares,
By a shrill Voice at Noon declares,
Warning the Cook-Maid, not to burn
The Roast-Meat which it cannot turn.

THE Groaning Chair began to crawl,
Like an huge Snail along the Wall;
There stuck aloft in publick View;
And with small Change, a Pulpit grew.

THE Porringers, that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
To a less noble Substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern Buckets rang'd.

THE

THE Ballads pasted on the Wall,
 Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
 Fair *Rosamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
 The little *Children in the Wood*;
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,
 Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;
 And high in Order plac'd, describe
 The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A BEDSTEAD of the Antique Mode,
 Compact of Timber, many a Load,
 Such as our Ancestors did use.
 Was metamorphos'd into Pews:
 Which still their ancient Nature keep,
 By lodging Folks dispos'd to Sleep.

THE Cottage, by such Feats as these,
 Grown to a Church by just Degrees,
 The Hermits then desir'd their Host
 To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon having paus'd a while,
 Return'd them Thanks in homely Style;
 Then said, my House is grown so fine,
 Methinks I still would call it mine.
 I'm old, and fain would live at Ease,
 Make me the *Parson*, if you please.

HE spoke, and presently he feels
 His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels;
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each Arm a Pudding Sleeve;

38 BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

His Waistcoat to a Cassock grew
 And both assum'd a sable Hue;
 But being old, continu'd just
 As thread-bare, and as full of Dust.
 His Talk was now of *Tythes* and *Dues*;
 He smoak'd his Pipe and read the News;
 Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
 Vamp'd in the Preface and the Text;
 At Christ'nings well could act his Part,
 And had the Service all by Heart;
 Wish'd Women might have Children fast,
 And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last;
 Against *Dissenters* would repine,
 And stood up firm for *Right divine*.
 Found his Head fill'd with many a System,
 But Classick Authors,—— he ne'er mist them.

THUS having furbish'd up a Parson,
 Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their Farce on.
 Instead of Home-spun Coifs were seen
 Good Pinners edg'd with Colberteen;
 Her Petticoat transform'd a pace,
 Became black Satin flounc'd with Lacé.
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
 'Twas *Madam*, in her Groggram Gown.
Philemon was in great Surprise,
 And hardly could believe his Eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
 And she admir'd as much at him.

THUS

THUS, happy in their Change of Life,
 Were sev'ral Years this Man and Wife;
 When on a Day, which prov'd their last,
 Discoursing o'er old Stories past,
 They went by Chance amidst their Talk,
 To the Church Yard to take a Walk;
 When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out,
 My dear, I see your Forehead sprout!
 Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?
 I hope you don't believe me jealous:
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
 And really, yours is budding too——
 Nay,——now I cannot stir my Foot;
 It feels as if 'twere taking Root.

DESCRIPTION would but tire my Muse;
 In short, they both were turn'd to *Yews*.

OLD Goodman *Dobson* of the Green
 Remembers he the Trees has seen;
 He'll talk of them from Noon till Night,
 And goes with Folks to shew the Sight;
 On *Sundays*, after Ev'ning Pray'r,
 He gathers all the Parish there;
 Points out the Place of either *Yew*;
 Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew.
 Till once a Parson of our Town,
 To mend his Barn, cut *Baucis* down;
 At which 'tis hard to be believ'd,
 How much the other Tree was griev'd,

Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted ;
So, the next Parson stubb'd and burnt it.

A

Description of a City Shower.

In Imitation of VIRGIL's Georg.

CAREFUL Observers may foretel the Hour
(By sure Prognosticks) when to dread a Show'r.
While Rain depends, the pensive Cat gives o'er
Her Frolicks, and pursues her Tail no more.
Returning Home at Night, you'll find the Sink
Strike your offended Sense with double Stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine,
You'll spend in Coach-hire more than save in Wine.
A coming Show'r your shooting Corns presage,
Old Aches throb, your hollow Tooth will rage,
Saunt'ring in Coffee-house is *Dulman* seen ;
He damns the Climate, and Complains of *Spleen*.

MEAN while the South, rising with dabbled Wings,
A fable Cloud a-thwart the Welkin flings,
That swill'd more Liquor than it could contain,
And, like a Drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk *Sujan* whips her Linen from the Rope,
Whilst the first drizzling Show'r is borne aslope.

Such

Such is that Sprinkling which some careless Quean
Flirts on you from her Mop, but not so clean.
You fly, invoke the Gods: then turning, stop
To rail; she singing, still whirls on her Mop.
Not yet the Dust had shun'd th' unequal Strife,
But, aided by the Wind, fought still for Life,
And waisted with its Foe by violent Gust,
'Twas doubtful which was Rain, and which was Dust.
Ah! where must needy Poet seek for Aid,
When Dust and Rain at once his Coat invade?
His only Coat, where Dust confus'd with Rain
Roughen the Nap, and leave a mingled Stain.
Now in contiguous Drops the Flood comes down,
Threat'ning with Deluge this devoted Town.
To Shops in Crowds the daggled Females fly,
Pretend to cheapen Goods, but nothing buy.
The *Templer* spruce, while ev'ry Sprout's abroad,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a Coach.
The tuck'd up Sempstres walks with hasty Strides,
While Streams run down her oil'd Umbrella's Sides.
Her various Kinds by various Fortunes led,
Commence Acquaintance underneath a Shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their Feuds, and join to save their Wigs.
Box'd in a Chair the Beau impatient sits,
While Spouts run clatt'ring o'er the Roof by Fits;
And ever and anon, with frightful Din
The Leather sounds: he trembles from within.

So

So when *Troy* Chair-men bore the wooden Steed,
 Pregnant with *Greeks*, impatient to be freed ;
 (Those Bully *Greeks*, who, as the Moderns do,
 Instead of paying Chairmen, run them thro',)
Laocoon struck the Outside with his Spear,
 And each imprison'd Hero quak'd for Fear.

Now from all Parts the swelling Kennels flow,
 And bear their Trophies with them as they go :
 Filths of all Hues and Odours, seem to tell
 What Street they sail'd from, by their Sight and Smell,
 They, as each Torrent drives, with rapid Force,
 From *Smithfield*, or *St. Pulchre's*, shape their Course,
 And in huge Confluent join at *Snowhill* Ridge,
 Fall from the Conduit prone to *Holbourn-Bridge*,
 Sweepings from Butchers' Stalls, Dungs, Guts
 and Blood,
 Drown'd Puppies, stinking Sprats, all drench'd in
 Mud,
 Dead Cats, and Turnip Tops, come tumbling
 down the Flood.

Description of the MORNING.

NOW hardly here and there an Hackney Coach
Appearing, shew'd the ruddy Morn's Ap-
proach.

Now *Betty* from her Master's Bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own,
The slipshod 'Prentice from his Master's Door
Had par'd the Dirt, and sprinkled round the Floor,
Now *Moll* had whirl'd her Mop with dextrous Airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.
The Youth, with broomy Stumps, began to trace
The Kennel-Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.
The Small-coal Man was heard with Cadence deep,
Till drown'd by shriller Notes of Chimney-sweep.
Duns at his Lordship's Gate began to meet;
And Brick-duft *Moll* had scream'd thro' half the
Street.

The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for Fees.
The watchful Bailiffs take their silent Stands,
And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their Hands.

HORACE,

HORACE, Ep. vii. Book i.

Imitated, and addressed to the Earl of Oxford, in the Year 1713.

HARLEY, the Nation's great Support, 1
 Returning Home one Day from Court,
 (His Mind with publick Cares possest,
 All Europe's Bus'ness in his Breast)
 Observ'd a Parson near Whitehall, 5
 Cheap'ning old Authors on a Stall.
 The Priest was pretty well in Case,
 And shew'd some Humour in his Face ;
 Look'd with an easy, careless Mien,
 A perfect Stranger to the Spleen ; 10
 Of Size that might a Pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to sit still.
 My Lord (who if a Man may say't)
 Loves Mischief better than his Meat,

1. *Strenuus & fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
 Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
 Dum redit —*

5. ——— *Conspexit, ut aiunt,
 Adrasum quendam vacuâ tonsoris in umbrâ
 Cultello proprios purgantem leniter unguis.*

Was now dispos'd to crack a Jest, 15
And bid Friend *Lewis* go in quest, —
(This *Lewis* is a cunning Shaver,
And very much in *HARLEY*'s Favour;
In quest, who might this *Parson* be;
What was his Name, of what Degree;
If possible to learn his Story,
And whether he were *Whig* or *Tory*?

LEWIS his Patron's Humour knows,
Away upon his Errand goes,
And quickly did the Matter sift,
Found out that it was Doctor *Swift*;
A Clergyman of special Note,
For shunning those of his own Coat;
Which made his Brethren of the Gown
Take Care betimes to run him down.
No Libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no sort of Vice,
Went where he pleased, said what he thought,
Not rich, but ow'd no Man a Groat:

15, (*Demetri puer hic non læve iussa Philippi
Accipiebat*) *abi, quære, & refer: Unde domo, quis,
Cujus fortunæ, quo sit Patre, quove Patrono?*
23, 25. *It, redit, & narrat, Volteium nomine Mænam.*
31 ——— *Tenui censu, sine crimine notum,
Et properare loco, & cessare, & quærere, & uti,
Gaudentem.*

In State Opinions *a la Mode*. 35
 He hated *Wh* — a like a Toad,
 Had giv'n the Faction many a Wound;
 And libell'd all the *Junta* round;
 Kept Company with Men of Wit;
 Who often father'd what he writ; 40
 His Works were hawk'd in ev'ry Street,
 But seldom rose above a Sheet;
 Of late indeed the Paper Stamp
 Did very much his Genius cramp;
 And since he could not spend his Fire, 45
 He now intended to retire.

SAID *Harley*, I desire to know
 From his own Mouth, if this be so?
 Step to the Doctor's strait, and say,
 I'd have him dine with me to Day. 50
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe My Lord had sent;
 So never offer'd once to stir;
 But coldly said, Your Servant, Sir.

47. *Scitari libet ex ipso quodcumque refert. Dic*
Ad carnem veniat. Non sane credere Mena;
Mirari secum tacitus. — Benigne,
 54. *Respondet.*

Does

Does he refuse me? HARLEY cry'd: 55

He does, with Insolence and Pride.

Some few Days after HARLEY spies

The Doctor fasten'd by the Eyes

At Charing-Cross, among the Rout,

Where painted Monsters are hung out. 60

He pull'd the String, and stop't his Coach,

Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.

S W I F T, who could neither fly nor hide,

Came sneaking to the Chariot Side,

And offer'd many a lame Excuse; 65

He never meant the least Abuse—

My Lord—The Honour you design'd—

Extremely proud—but I had din'd—

I'm sure I never should neglect—

No Man alive has more Respect— 70

“ Well, I shall think of that no more,

“ If you'll be sure to come at Four.

55. —Negat ille mihi?

56. —Negat improbus, & te

Negligit, aut horret.

57. —Volteium mane Philippus,

Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta papello,

Occupat, & salvere jubet prior,

65. —Ille Philippo

Excusare laborem.

71. —Sic ignorasse putato

Me tibi, si cœnas bodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo

Post cenam venies.

The

The Doctor now obeys the Summons,
 Likes both his Company, and Commons;
 Displays his Talent, sits till Ten; 75
 Next Day invited comes again;
 Soon grows Domestick, seldom fails
 Either at Morning, or at Meals;
 Came early, and departed late:
 In short the Gudgeon took the Bait. 80
 My LORD would carry on the Jest,
 And down to *Windfor* takes his Guest.
Swift much admires the Place and Air,
 And longs to be a Canon there;
 In Summer, round the Park to ride; 85
 In Winter, never to reside.
 A Canon! That's a Place too mean:
 No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean:
 Two Dozen Canons round your Stall,
 And you the Tyrant o'er them all: 90
 You need but cross the *Irish Seas*,
 To live in Plenty, Pow'r, and Ease.

74. *Ut ventum ad cœnam est, dicenda, tacenda locutus
 Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi sæpe
 Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,
 Mane cliens, & jam certus conviva;*

81. ——— *Jubetur*
*Rura suberbana indi&ts comes ire Latinis.
 Impositus mannis ar&um cœlumque Sabinum
 Non cessat laudare.*

87. *Videt, ridetque Philippus:*

Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd Money in his Purse;
 Travels at least a hundred Leagues,
 And suffers numberless Fatigues. 95

SUPPOSE him, now, a Dean compleat,
 Devoutly lolling in his Seat;
 The Silver Virge, with decent Pride,
 Stuck underneath his Cushion Side; 100
 Suppose him gone thro' all Vexations,
 Patents, Instalments, Abjurations,
 First Fruits and Tithes, and Chapter-Treats,
 Dues, Payments, Fees, Demands, and — Cheats,
 (The wicked Laity's contriving, 105
 To hinder Clergymen from thriving)
 Now all the Doctor's Money's spent,
 His Tenants wrong him in his Rent;
 The Farmer, spitefully combin'd,
 Force him to take his Tythes in Kind, 110
 And * *Parvo*sol discounts Arrears,
 By Bills, for Taxes and Repairs.

POOR Swift, with all his Losses vex'd,
 Not knowing where to turn him next,

107. — *Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ;*
Spem mentita seges, bos est eneas arando;

* The Dean's Agent, a Frenchman.

Above a Thousand Pounds in Debt,
 Takes Horse, and, in a mighty Fret,
 Rides Day and Night at such a Rate,
 He soon arrives at HARLEY'S Gate;
 But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
 Old Read * would hardly let him in.

SAID HARLEY, welcome Rev'rend Dean:
 What makes your Worship look so lean?
 Why sure you won't appear in Town,
 In that old Wig, and rusty Gown?
 I doubt your Heart is set on Pelf,
 So much, that you neglect yourself.
 What! I suppose now Stocks are high,
 You've some good Purchase in your Eye;
 Or is your Money out at Use?—
 Truce, Good my Lord, I beg a Truce,
 (The Doctor in a Passion cry'd)
 Your Raillery is misapply'd;
 I have Experience dearly bought,
 You know I am not worth a Groat;

115. *Offensu damnis, mediâ de nocte caballum*

Arripit, iratusque Philippi tendit ad ædcs.

121. *Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque Philip-*
pus,

Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attentusque vidoris
Esse mihi.

* The Lord Treasurer's Porter.

But

But you resolv'd to have your Jest,
And 'twas a Folly to contest;
Then since you have now done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first.

136. *Quod te per genium, dextramque, deosque penates.
Obsecro, & obtestor; vitæ me reddere prioræ.*

HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI.

Part of it imitated.

I OFTEN wish'd, that I had clear,
For Life, six hundred Pounds a Year,
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
A River at my Garden's End,
A Terras Walk, and half a Rood
Of Land set out to plant a Wood.

WELL, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increasè my Store,
But should be perfectly content,
Could I but live on this Side Trent;

1. *Hoc erat in votis: modus-agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, & tectis vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret.*

7. *Di melius fecerunt*

Nor cross the Channel twice a Year,
To spend six Months with *Statesmen* here.

I MUST by all Means come to Town,
'Tis for the Service of the Crown.

" *Lewis*; the *Dean* will be of Use, 15

" Send for him up, take no Excuse,

The Toil, the Danger of the Seas;

Great Ministers ne'er think of these;

Or let it cost Five hundred Pound,

No Matter where the Money's found; 20

It is but so much more in Debt,

And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. *Dean*, go change your Gown,

" Let my Lord know you're come to Town." 25

I hurry me in Haste away,

Not thinking it is Levee-day;

And find his Honour in a Pound,

Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,

Chequer'd with Ribbons Blue and Green;

How should I thrust myself between? 30

Some Wag observes me thus perplex'd,

And smiling, whispers to the next,

" I thought the *D—n* had been too proud,

" To juggle here among a Croud."

17. *Sive aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.* 31

SAT. VI. *Imitation of HORACE.* 53

Another, in a furly Fit,
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
" So eager to exprefs your Love,
" You ne'er confider whom you shove,
" But rudely prefs before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this Rebuke.
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the World should know.
I GET a Whisper, and withdraw,
When twenty Fools I never saw
Come with Petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their Friend.
THIS humbly offers me his Cafe
That, begs my Int'rest for a Place—
A hundred other Mens Affairs
Like Bees are humming in my Ears.
" To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
" Without your Help the Cause is gone—
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great Affair, at Two—
" Put my Lord *Bolingbroke* in Mind,
" To get my Warrant quickly sign'd:

35. *Quid vis, insane, & quas res agis? improbus urget.
Iratæ precibus: tu pulses omne quod obstat,
Ad Mæcenatē memori sibi mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, & melli est, non mentiar.*
44. *— Aliena negotia centum,
Per caput, & circa saliant latus.*

"Consider 'tis my first Request" —
 Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best —
 Then presently he falls to teize,
 "You may for certain, if you please —"
 "I doubt not, if his Lordship knew —"
 "And Mr. Dean, one Word from you" —
 'Tis (let me see) three Years and more;
 (October next it will be Four)
 Since HARLEY bid me first attend,
 And chose me for an humble Friend,
 Would take in his Coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that,
 As, "What's a Clock?" And "How's the Wind?"
 "Whose Chariot's that we left behind?"
 Or gravely try to read the Lines
 Writ underneath the Country Signs:
 Or, "Have you nothing new To-day
 From Pope, from Rabel, or from Gay?"
 Such Tattle often entertains
 My Lord and me as far as Stain,
 As once a Week we travel down
 To Windsor, and again to Town.

60. — *Si vis, potes, addit & instat.*
 63. *Septimus octavo propior iam fuerit annus.*
Ex quo Mæcenæ me cepit habere suorum.
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quam tollere rhedâ
Vellet, iter faciens; & cui concedere nugas.

Where

SAT. VI. *Imitation of HORACE.* 55

Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at *Charing Cross*. 80

YET some I know with Envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well;

"How think you of our Friend the *Dean*?"

"I wonder what some People mean."

"My Lord and he are grown so great," 85

"Always together, *tête à tête*,"

"What, they admire him for his Jokes——"

"See but the Fortune of some Folks!"

There flies about a strange Report

Of some Express arriv'd at Court. 90

I'm stopp'd by all the Fools I meet

And catechis'd in ev'ry Street.

"You, Mr. *Dean*, frequent the Great;

"Inform us, will the *Emp'ror* treat?"

"Or, do the Prints and Papers lie?" 95

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

"Ah Doctor, how you love to jest?"

"'Tis now no Secret"——I protest

'Tis one to me.—— "Then tell us, pray,

"When are the Troops to have their Pay?" 100

81. —— *Subjeclior in diem & hiram,*
Invidiæ.

89. *Frigidus à rostris manat per compita rumor;*
Quicunque obvius est, me consulit.

56 Imitation of HORACE. SAT. VI.

And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest Mortal ever known.

Thus in a Sea of Folly toss'd, ¹⁰⁵
My choicest Hours of Life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my Country Seat!
There leaning near a gentle Brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient Book; ¹¹⁰
And there in sweet Oblivion drown
Those Cares that haunt the Court and Town.

101. *Jurantem me scire nihil, miratur, ut unum*
Scilicet egregii mortalem, altique silenti.
108. *O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit*
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus
horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivis vitæ?

THE Happy Life of a Country Parson.

In Imitation of Martial.

PARSON, these Things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's Blessing:
A *Wife* that makes *Conserve*; a *Steed*
That carries double when there's Need;
October Store, and best *Virginia*,
Tytche-Pig, and mortuary *Guinea*:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:
A large *Concordance* (bound long since)
Sermons to *Charles the First*, when Prince;
A *Chronicle* of ancient standing;
A *Chrysostom* to smoothe thy Band in:
The *Polyglott*—three Parts,—my *Text*,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next,
Lo here the *Septuagint*,—and *Paul*,
To sum the *Whole*,—the *Close* of all.

HE that has these, may pass his Life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his Wife.
On *Sundays* preach, and eat his Fill;
And fast on *Fridays* if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his Head at Doctor S—.

A TALE

• A TALE of CHAUCER,
lately found in an Old Manuscript.

WOMEN, tho' nat fans Leacherie,
Ne swinken but with Scurie.

This in our Tale is plainly y-fond,
Of Clerk that wonneth in *Inchard*;
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake;
Right then, there passen by the Way,
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway;
Ducke in his Trowzers hath he hent,
Not to be spied of Ladies gent.

" But ho ! our Nephew crieth on !

" Ho ! quoth another Couzen *John* :

And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,

This sely Clerk full low doth lout.

They asken that, and talken this.

" Lo here is *Coz*, and here is *Mifs*."

But, as he glozeth with Speeches soote,

The Ducke fore tickles his Erse Roote :

Fore-piece and Buttons all to brest,

Forth thrust a white Neck, and red Crest.

Tē-be, cry'd Ladies, Clarke not spake :

Mifs star'd : and gray Ducke crieth *Quake*.

" O Moder, Moder (quoth the Daughter)

" Be thilke same Thing the Maids langen a'ter

" Bette is to pyne on Coals and Chalke,

" Than trust on Mon, whose Verde can talke.

The

* The A L L E Y.

An Imitation of Spenser.

I.

IN ev'ry Town, where *Thamis* rolls his Tide,
A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low;
Where ever, and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat soft sliding to and fro.
There oft' are heard the Notes of Infant Woe.
The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall;
How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children so?
Some play, some eat, some crack against the Wall;
And as they crouchen low, for Bread and Butter
call.

II.

AND on the broken Pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking Sprat and Herring lie;
A Brandy and Tobacco Shop is near,
And Hens, and Dogs, and Hogs, are feeding by;
And here's a Sailor's Jacket hangs to dry;
At ev'ry Door are Sun-burnt Matrons seen,
Mending old Nets to catch the scaly Fry;
Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between,
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd Scolds; bad Neigh-
bourhood I ween.

III. THE

III.

THE snappish Cur (the Passengers annoy)
 Close at my Heel with yelping Treble flies;
 The whim'ring Girl, and hoarser-screaming Boy,
 Join to the yelping Treble, shrilling Cries;
 The scolding Quean to louder Notes doth rise,
 And her full Pipes those shrilling Cries confound;
 To her full Pipes the grunting Hog replies;
 The grunting Hogs alarm the Neighbours round,
 And Curs, Girls, Boys, and Scolds, in the deep
 Bafe are drown'd.

IV.

HARD by a Sty, beneath a Roof of Thatch
 Dwelt *Obloquy*, who in her early Days
 Baskets of Fish at *Bullinggate* did watch
 Cod, Whiting, Oyfter, Mackrel, Sprat, or Plaife:
 There learn'd she Speech from Tongues that never
 cease.

Slander beside her, like a Magpy, chatters,
 With *Envy* (spitting Cat) dread Foe to Peace;
 Like a curs'd Cur, *Malice* before her clatters,
 And vexing ev'ry Wight, tears Cloaths and all to
 Tatters.

V.

HER Dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's Hand,
 Her Mouth was black as Bull-Dogs at the Stall;
 She scratched, bit, and spar'd not Lace nor Band,
 And Bitch and Rogue her Answer was to all;

Nay,

Nay, e'en the Parts of Shame by Name would call;
 Whene'er she pass'd by a Lane or Nook,
 Would greet the Man who turn'd him to the Wall;
 And by his Hand obscene the Porter took,
 Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look.

VI.

SUCH Place hath Deptford, Navy-building Town,
 Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of Pitch;
 Such Lambeth, Envy of each Band and Gown,
 And Twick'nam such, which fairer Scenes enrich,
 Grots, Statues, Urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch.
 Ne Village is without, on either Side,
 All up the Silver Thames, or all a-down;
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall Front are ey'd
 Vales, Spires, meandering Streams, and Windsor's
 tow'ry Pride.

* The CAPON'S TALE.

To a Lady who father'd her Lampoons
 upon her Acquaintance.

IN Yorkshir, dwelt a sober Yeoman,
 Whose Wife, a clean, Pains-taking Woman,
 Fed num'rous Poultry in her Pens,
 And saw her Cocks well serve her Hens.

A HEN

62 *The CAPON'S TALE.*

A HEN she had, whose tuneful Clucks
Drew after her a Train of Cocks;
With Eyes so piercing, yet so pleasant,
You would have sworn this Hen a Pheasant,
All the plum'd *Beau-Monde* round her gathers;
Lord! what a Bruffling up of Feathers!
Morning from Noon there was no knowing,
There was such Flutt'ring, Chuckling, Crowing;
Each forward Bird must thrust his Head in,
And not a Cock but would be treading.

YET tender was this Hen so fair,
And hatch'd more Chicks than she could rear.

OUR prudent Dame bethought her then
Of some Dry-nurse to save her Hen;
She made a Capon drunk; in fine
He eat the Sopps, she sipp'd the Wine;
His Rump well pluck'd, with Nettles stings,
And claps the Brood beneath his Wings.

THE feather'd Dupe awakes content,
O'erjoy'd to see what God had sent.
Thinks he's the Hen, clucks, keeps a Pother,
A foolish Foster-Father-Mother.

SUCH, Lady *Mary*, are your Tricks;
But since you hatch, pray own your Chicks;
You should be better skill'd in Nocks,
Nor like your Capons, serve your Cocks.

VERSES wrote on a Lady's Ivory
Table-Book.

PERUSE my Leaves thro' ev'ry Part,

And think thou seest my Owner's Heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with Trifles thus, and quite

As hard, as senseless, and as light;

Expos'd to ev'ry Coxcomb's Eyes,

But hid with Caution from the Wife.

Here you may read (*Dear charming Salu!*)

Beneath (*A new Receipt for Paint :*)

Here in Beau-spelling (*tru tel Deth,*)

There in her own (*far an' el'breth.*)

Here (*lovely Nymph pronounce my Doom,*)

There (*a safe Way to use Perfume ;*)

Here a Page fill'd with Billet-Doux ;

On t'other Side (*laid out for Shoes :*)

(*Madam, I die without your Grace,*)

(*Item, for half a Yard of Lace.*)

Who that had Wit would place it here,

For ev'ry peeping Fop to jeer ?

In Pow'r of Spittle, and a Clout,

Whene'er he pleases to blot it out :

And then, to heighten the Disgrace,

Clap his own Nonsense in the Place.

Whoe'er expects to hold his Part

In such a Book, and such a Heart,

If he be wealthy and a Fool,
Is in all Points the fittest Tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold Pencil tipp'd with Lead.

*To their EXCELLENCIES the LORDS
JUSTICES of Ireland;*

*The humble Petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve and die a Maid, if it miscarries;*

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's
Chamber, because I was cold,
And I had in a Purse Seven Pound, Four Shillings,
and Six Pence, besides Farthings: in Money and
Gold,
So because I had been buyings Things for my Lady
last Night,
I was resolv'd to tell my Money, to see if it was
right:
Now you must know, because my Trunk has a very
bad Lock,
Therefore all the Money I have, which God
knows is a very small Stock,
I keep in my Pocket, ty'd about my Middle, next
my Smock.

So when I went to put up my Purse, as God would
have it, my Smock was unript,
And instead of putting it into my Pocket, down it slipt:
Then the Bell rung, and I went down to put my
Lady to Bed,

And, God knows, I thought my Money was as safe
as my Maidenhead.

So when I came up again, I found my Pocket feel
very light,

But when I searched and mis'd my Purse, *Lord!*

I thought I should have funk outright;

Lord! Madam, says *Mary*, how d'ye do? Indeed,
says I, never worse:

But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with
my Purse?

Lord help me, said *Mary*, I never stirred out of this
Place.

Nay, said I, I had it in *Lady Betty's* Chamber,
that's a plain Case;

So *Mary* got me to Bed, and cover'd me up warm;

However, she stole away my Garters, that I might
do myself no Harm;

So I tumbled and toss'd all Night, as you may very
well think,

But hardly ever shut my Eyes together, or slept a Wink.

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and
search'd the Folks round,

And in a Corner of *Mrs. Duke's* Box, ty'd in a Rag,
the Money was found.

So next Morning we told *Whittle*, and he fell a Swearing ;

Then my Dame *Wadgar* came, and she, you know, is thick of Hearing.

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, Do you know what a Loss I have had ?

Nay, said she, my Lord ¹ *Colaway*'s Folks are all very sad ;

For my Lord ² *Dromedary* comes a *Tuesday* without fail ;

Pugh ! said I, but that's not the Bus'ne's that I ail.

Says *Cary*, says he, I have been a Servant this five and twenty Years, come Spring,

And in all the Places I liv'd, I never heard of such a Thing.

Yes, says the *Steward*, I remember when I was at my Lady *Shrewsbury*'s,

Such a Thing as this happen'd, just about the Time of *Goosberries*.

So I went to the Party suspected, and I found her full of Grief,

(Now you must know, of all Things in the World, I hate a Thief)

However, I was resolv'd to bring the Discourse slyly about ;

Mrs. *Dukes*, said I, here's an ugly Accident has happen'd out :

¹ *Galloway*.

² *Dragheda*.

'Tis

'Tis not that I value the Money three Skips of a
Louse ;

But the Thing I stand upon, is the Credit of the
House ;

'Tis true, Seven Pounds, Four Shillings, and Six
Pence, makes a great Hole in my Wages ;

Besides, as they say, Service is no Inheritance in
these Ages,

Now, Mrs. *Dukes*, you know, and every Body un-
derstands,

That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet Money can't go
without Hands.

The *Devil* take me, said she (blessing herself) if ever
I saw't !

So she roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as tho' I had call'd her
all to naught ;

So you know, what could I say to her any more ;

I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was be-
fore.

Well ; but then they would have had me gone to the
Cunning Man ;

No, said I, 'tis the same Thing, the *Chaplain* will be
here anon :

So the *Chaplain* came in ; Now the Servants say he
is my Sweetheart,

Because he's always in my Chamber, and I always
take his Part ;

68 *Mrs. HARRIS'S Petition.*

So, as the *Devil* would have it, before I was aware,
out I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a *Nativity*, when a
Body's plunder'd?

(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *Parson*
like the *Devil*.)

Truly, says he, *Mrs. Nab*, it might become you to
be more civil;

If your Money be gone, as a learned *Divine* says,
d'ye see,

You are no *Text* for my Handling, so take that from
me;

I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have you
to know;

Lord, said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never
thought you so;

You know, I honour the Cloth, I design to be a
Parson's Wife,

I never took one in your *Coat* for a *Conjurer* in all
my Life.

With that, he twisted his Girdle at me like a Rope,
as who should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me, and so went
away.

Well; I thought I should have swoon'd; *Lord*, said
I, what shall I do?

I have lost my *Money*, and shall lose my *True Love*
too.

Then

Then my *Lord* call'd me ; *Harry*, said my *Lord*,
don't cry,

I'll give something towards thy Loss ; and says my
Lady, so will I.

Oh ! but said I, what if, after all, my *Chaplain*
won't come to ?

For that, he said (an't please your *Excellencies*,) I
must petition You.

The Premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your *Ex-*
cellencies Protection,

And that I may have a Share in next *Sunday's* Col-
lection :

And over and above, that I may have your *Excel-*
lencies Letter,

With an Order for the *Chaplain* aforesaid ; or instead
of him, a better ;

And then your poor *Petitioner*, both Night and Day,

Or the *Chaplain*, (for 'tis his *Trade*) as in Duty bound,
shall ever pray,

*Lady B—— B—— finding in the
Author's Room some Verses unfinish-
ed, underwrit a Stanza of her own,
with Raillery upon him, which gave
Occasion to this Ballad.*

To the Tune of The Cutpurse.

ONCE on a Time, as old Stories rehearse,
A Friar would needs shew his Talent in Latin;
But was sorely put to't in the midst of a Verse,
Because he could find no Word to come pat in;
Then at the Place: *He left a void Space,*
And so went to Bed in a desperate Case,
When behold the next Morning, a wonderful Riddle,
He found it was strangely fill'd up in the Middle.

C H O R U S.

*Let censuring Criticks, then, think what they list on't,
Who would not write Verses with such an Assistant?*

II.

THIS put the poor Friar into an Amazement,
For he wisely considered it must be a Sprite,
That came thro' the Key-Hole, or in at the Casement,
And it needs must be one that could both Read
and Write :

Yet he did not know
If it were Friend or Foe,
Or whether it came from above or below.
Howe'er it was civil, in Angel or Elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.

Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

III.

EVEN so Master Doctor had puzzled his Brains
In making a Ballad, but was at a Stand;
He had mix'd little Wit with a great deal of Pains,
When he found a new Help from invisible Hand,

Then good Dr. S——
Pay Thanks for the Gift,
For you freely must own you were at a dead Lift:
And tho' some malicious young Sprit did do't,
You may know by the Hand it had no Cloven Foot.

Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

V——'s HOUSE. *Built from the
Ruins of Whitehall that was burnt.*

IN Times of *Old*, when Time was *Young*,
And Poets their own Verses sung,
A Verse could draw a Stone or Beam,
That now would overload a Team;
Lead 'em a Dance of many a Mile,
Then rear 'em to a goodly Pile.
Each Number had its diff'rent Pow'r;
Heroic Strains could will a Tow'r;
Sonnets, or Elegies to *Chloris*,
Might raise a House about two Stories;
A Lyric Ode would slate; a Catch
Would tile, an Epigram would thatch.

BUT to their own, or Landlord's Cost,
Now Poets feel this Art is lost;
Not one of all our tuneful Throng
Can raise a Lodging for a Song.
For *Jove* consider'd well the Case,
Observ'd they grew a num'rous Race,
And should they *Build* as fast as *Write*,
'Twould ruin Undertakers quite.
This Evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their Element:
On Earth the God of Wealth was made
Sole Patron of the Building Trade,

Leaving

Leaving the Wits the spacious Air
 With Licence to *build Castles* There :
 And 'tis conceiv'd their old Pretence
 To lodge in Garrets, comes from thence,

PREMISING thus in modern Way,
 The better Half we have to say ;
 Sing, Muse, the House of Poet V——
 In higher Strains than we began.

V—— (for 'tis fit the Reader know it)

Is both a Herald and a Poet ;
 No wonder then if nicely skill'd
 In both Capacities to build.
 As Herald, he can in a Day,
 Repair a *House* gone to Decay ;
 Or by *Atcheivment, Arms, Device*,
 Erect a new one in a Trice,
 And as a Poet he has Skill
 To build in Speculation still.

Great *Jove* ! he cry'd, the Art restore,
 To build by Verse as heretofore ;
 And make my Muse the Architect ;
 What Palaces shall we erect !

No longer shall forsaken *Thames*
 Lament his old *Whitehall* in Flames ;
 A Pile shall from its Ashes rise,
 Fit to invade, or prop the Skies.

JOVE smil'd, and, like a gentle God,
 Consenting with the usual Nod,

Told

Told V—— he knew his Talent best,
 And left the Choice to his own Breast.
 So V—— resolv'd to write a Farce;
 But well perceiving Wit was scarce,
 With Cunning that Defect supplies;
 Takes a *French Play* as lawful Prize;
 Steals thence his Plot, and ev'ry Joke,
 Not once suspecting *Jove* would *Smoke*;
 And (like a Wag) sat down to write,
 Would whisper to himself, a *Bite*.
 Then from the motly, mingled Style
 Proceeded to erect his Pile.
 So Men of old, to gain Renown, did
 Build *Babel* with their Tongues confounded.
Jove saw the Cheat, but thought it best
 To turn the Matter to a Jest;
 Down from *Olympus*' Top he slides,
 Laughing as if he'd burst his Sides;
 Ay, thought the God, are these your Tricks?
 Why then *old Plays* deserve *old Bricks*.
 And since you're sparing of your Stuff,
 Your Building shall be small enough.
 He spake, and grudging lent his Aid;
 Th' experienc'd Bricks that knew their Trade,
 (As being Bricks at second hand)
 Now move, and now in Order stand.
 THE Building, as the Poet writ,
 Rose in Proportion to his Wit;

And

And first a Prologue built a Wall,
So wide as to encompass all,
The Scene a Wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby Trees before,
The Plot as yet lay deep, and so
A Cellar next was dug below;
But this a Work so hard was found,
Two Acts it cost him under Ground;
Two other Acts we may presume
Were spent in building each a Room;
Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
To raise a Roof with Act the Fifth.
The Epilogue behind, did frame
A Place not decent here to name.

Now Poets from all Quarters ran
To see the House of Brother V——
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round,
But no such House was to be found;
One asks the Watermen hard by,
Where may the Poet's Palace lye?
Another of the *Thames* enquires,
If he has seen its gilded Spires?
At length they in the Rubbish spy
A Thing resembling a Goose Pye,
Farther in Haste the Poets throng,
And gaze in silent Wonder long,
Till one in Raptures thus began
To praise the Pile and Builder V——:

THRICE

THRICE happy Poet, who may trail
 Thy House about thee like a Snail ;
 Or harness'd to a Nag, at Ease
 Take Journeys in it like a Chaise ;
 Or in a Boat, whene'er thou wilt,
 Canst make it serve thee for a Tilt.
 Capacious House ! 'tis own'd by all,
 Thou'rt well contriv'd, tho' thou art small ;
 For ev'ry Wit in *Britain's* Isle
 May lodge within thy spacious Pile,
 Like *Bacchus* thou, as Poets feign,
 Thy Mother burnt, art born again ;
 Born like a *Phœnix* from the Flame,
 But neither *Bulk* nor *Shape* the same ;
 As Animals of largest Size
 Corrupt to Maggots, Worms, and Flies ;
 A Type of *Modern* Wit and Style,
The Rubbish of an ancient Pile ;
 So *Chemists* boast they have a Pow'r,
 From the dead Ashes of a Flow'r
 Some faint Resemblance to produce,
 But not the Virtues, Taste, or Juice.
 So modern Rhymers wisely blast
 The Poetry of Ages past ;
 Which after they have overthrown,
 They from its Ruins build their own.

The History of V——'s House.

WHEN Mother *Clud* had rose from Play,
 And call'd to take the Cards away,
V—— saw, but seem'd not to regard,
 How *Miss* pick'd ev'ry painted Card;
 And busy both with Hand and Eye,
 Soon rear'd a House two Stories high:
V——'s Genius, without Thought or Lecture,
 Is hugely turn'd to *Architecture*:
 He view'd the Edifice, and smil'd,
 Vow'd it was pretty for a Child:
 It was so perfect in its Kind,
 He kept the *Model* in his Mind.

BUT when he found the Boys at Play,
 And saw them dabbling in their Clay,
 He stood behind a Stall to lurk,
 And mark the Progress of their Work;
 With true Delight observ'd 'em all
 Raking up *Mud* to build a Wall;
 The Plan he much admir'd, and took
 The *Model* in his Table-Book;
 Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
 And so resolv'd a *House* to build;
 A *real House*, and *Rooms*, and *Stairs*,
 Five Times at least as big as theirs;

Taller

78 *The History of V——'s House.*

Taller than *Mifs's* by two Yards,
Not a sham Thing of Clay or Cards ;
And so he did ; for in a while
He built up such a monstrous Pile,
That no two Chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the Ground :
Still at *Whitehall* it stands in View,
Just in the Place where first it grew :
There all the little School-boys run,
Envyng to see themselves out-done.

FROM such deep Rudiments as these,
V—— is become by due Degrees,
For Building fam'd, and justly reckon'd
At Court, *Vitruvius* the Second.
Now wonder, since wise *Authors* show
That best Foundations must be low ;
And now the *Duke* has wisely ta'en him
To be his *Architect* at *Blenheim* ;
But Raillery for once a-part,
If this Rule holds in ev'ry Art ;
Or if his *Grace* were no more skill'd in
The Art of Battering Walls than Building ?
We might expect to see next Year
A *Moufe-Trap* Man chief Engineer.

*The Virtues of SID HAMET, the
Magician's Rod.*

TH E Rod was but a harmless Wand,
While Moses held it in his Hand;
But soon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring Serpent grown.

O U R great Magician, *Hamet Sid*,
Reverses what the Prophet did;
His Rod was honest *English Wood*,
That senseless in a Corner stood,
Till metamorphos'd by his Grasp,
It grew an all-devouring Asp;
Would hiss and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere Virtue of his Fist;
But when he laid it down, as quick
Resum'd the Figure of a Stick.

S O to her Midnight Feasts the Hag
Rides on a Broomstick for a Nag,
That rais'd by Magick of her Breech,
O'er Sea and Land conveys the Witch;
But, with the Morning Dawn, resumes
The peaceful State of common Brooms.

T H E Y tell us something strange and odd,
About a certain Magic Rod,
That, bending down its Top, divines
Whene'er the Soil has Golden Mines;

Where

Where there are none, it stands erect,
 Scorning to shew the least Respect,
 As ready was the *Wand of Sid*
 To bend where *Golden Mines* were hid ;
 In *Scottish Hills* found precious Ore,
 Where none e'er look'd for it before ;
 And by a *gentle Bow* divin'd
 How well a *Cully's Purse* was lin'd ;
 To a forlorn and broken *Rake*.
 Stood without Motion, like a Stake.

THE *Rod of Hermes* was renown'd
 For Charms above and under Ground ;
 To sleep could mortal Eye-lids fix,
 And drive departed Souls to *Styx*.
 That *Rod* was just a Type of *Sid's*,
 Which o'er a *British Senate's Lids*
 Could scatter *Opium* full as well,
 And drive as many *Souls* to *Hell*.

SID's Rod was slender, white and tall,
 Which oft he us'd to *fish* withal ;
 A *Plaife* was fasten'd to the Hook,
 And many Score of *Gudgeons* took ;
 Yet still so happy was his Fate,
 He caught his *Fish*, and sav'd his *Bait*.

SID's Brethren of the *Conj'ring Tribe*
 A Circle with their *Rod* describe :
 Which proves a magical Redoubt
 To keep *mischievous Spirits* out ;

Sid's

Sid's Rod was of a larger Stride;
 And made a Circle thrice as wide;
 Where *Spirits* throng'd with hideous Din;
 And he stood there to take them in.
 But when th' enchanted Rod was broke,
 They vanish'd in a stinking Smoke.

ACHILLES' Sceptre was of Wood,
 Like *Sid's*, but nothing near so good;
 That down from Ancestors divine,
 Transmitted to the Heroes' Line.
 Thence thro' a long Descent of Kings,
 Came an HEIR-LOOM, as *Homer* sings;
 Tho' this Description looks so big,
 That Sceptre was a sapless Twig;
 Which, from the fatal Day, when first
 It left the Forest where 'twas nurs'd,
 As *Homer* tells us o'er and o'er,
 Nor Leaf, nor Fruit, nor Blossom bore.
Sid's Sceptre, full of Juice did shoot
 In Golden Boughs, and Golden Fruit;
 And he, the *Dragon*, never sleeping,
 Guarded each fair *Hesperian* Pippin.
 No *Hobby-horse*, with gorgeous Top,
 The dearest in *Charles Mather's* Shop,
 Or glitt'ring Tinsel of *May-Fair*,
 Could with this Rod of *Sid* compare.

DEAR *Sid*, then why wert thou so mad,
 To break thy Rod like naughty Lad?

82 *A T L A S, or the Minister of State.*

You should have kiss'd it in your Distress,
And then return'd it to your Mistress;
Or made it a *Newmarket Switch*,
And not a *Rod* for thy own Breech,
For since old *Sid* has broken this,
His next will be a *Rod in Pifs*.

*A T L A S, or the Minister of State, to
the Lord Treasurer, Oxford.*

A *T L A S*, we read in ancient Song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the Skies upon his Back,
Just as a Pedlar does his Pack;
But, as a Pedlar overprest,
Unloads upon a Stall to rest;
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a Friend to lend a Hand;
So *Atlas*, left the pond'rous Spheres
Should sink, and fall about his Ears,
Got *Hercules* to bear the Pile,
That he might sit and rest a While.

Y E T *Hercules* was not so strong.
Nor could have born it half so long.

G R E A T Statesmen are in this Condition,
And *Atlas* is a Politician,

A per-

A premier Minister of State,
 Alcides one of second Rate.
 Suppose then *Atlas* ne'er so wise,
 Yet when the Weight of Kingdom lies
 Too long upon his single Shoulders,
 Sink down he must, or find *Upbolders*.

THE

Description of a SALAMANDER.

Out of Pliny's Nat. Hist. Lib. x. c. 67.
 and Lib. xxix. c. 4.

AS Massive Dogs in modern Phrase are
 Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar*;
 As *Pyes* and *Darws* are often styl'd
 With Christian Nick-names like a Child;
 As we say *Monsieur* to an *Ape*,
 Without Offence to human Shape;
 So Men have got from Bird and Brute
 Names that would best their Natures suit.
 The *Lion*, *Eagle*, *Fox*, and *Boar*,
 Were Heroes Titles heretofore,
 Bestow'd as Hi'roglyphic fit
 T' express their Valour, Strength, or Wit.

For what is understood by *Fame*,
 Besides the getting of a *Name*?
 But e'er since Men invented Guns,
 A diff'rent Way their Fancy runs,
 To paint a Hero, we enquire
 For something that will conquer *Fire*.
 Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump*,
 Think of a Bucket or a Pump.
 Are these too low?—then find out grander,
 Call my Lord C—— a *Salamander*.
 'Tis well;—but since we live among
 Detractors with an evil Tongue,
 Who may object against the Term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm;
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
 And I'll be judg'd by Standers-by.

FIRST, then, our Author has defin'd
 This Reptile of the Serpent Kind,
 With gaudy Coat, and shining Train,
 But loathsome Spots his Body stain;
 Out from some Hole obscure he flies,
 When Rains descend, and Tempests rise,
 Till the Sun clears the Air; and then
 Crawls back neglected to his Den.

So when the War has rais'd a Storm,
 I've seen a *Snake* in human Form.
 All stain'd with Infamy and Vice,
 Leap from a Dunghill in a Trice,

Burnish,

Burnish, and make a gaudy Show,
 Become a Gen'ral, Peer, and Beau;
 'Till Peace hath made the Sky serene,
 Then shrink into its Hole again.

*All this we grant——why then look yonder,
 Sure that must be a Salamander!*

FARTHER, we are by *Pliny* told,
 This *Serpent* is extremely cold,
 So cold, that, put it in the Fire,
 'Twill make the very Flames expire:
 Beside, it spews a filthy Froth,
 (Whether thro' Rage, or Love, or both)
 Of Matter purulent and white,
 Which happen'd on the Skin to light,
 And there corrupting to a Wound,
 Spreads Leprosy and Baldness round.

So have I seen a hatter'd Beau,
 By Age and Claps grown cold as Snow,
 Whose Breath or Touch, where-e'er he came,
 Blew out Love's Torch, or chill'd the Flame.
 And should some Nymph who ne'er was cruel,
 Like *Carleton* cheap, or fam'd *Du-Ruel*,
 Receive the Filth which he ejects;
 She soon would find the same Effects,
 Her tainted Carcase to pursue,
 As from the Salamander's Spue;

A dismal Shedding of her Locks,

And if no Leprosy, a Pox.

Then I'll appeal to each By-Stander,

Is not this same a Salamander?

* *The ELEPHANT: Or, The Parliament-Man.*

Written many Years since.

Taken from COKE'S INSTITUTES.

ER E Bribes convince you whom to chuse,
 The Precepts of Lord *Coke* peruse.
 Observe an *Elephant*, says he,
 And let like him your Member be;
 First taste a Man that's free from *Gall*;
 For Elephants have none at all;
 In *Flocks* or *Parties* he must keep;
 For Elephants live just like Sheep;
Stubborn in Honour he must be;
 For Elephants *ne'er bend the Knee*:
 Last let his *Memory* be sound,
 In which your Elephant's profound;
 That *old Examples* from the Wise,
 May prompt him in his *No's* and *Aye's*.

TH U S the Lord *Coke* hath gravely writ,
 In all the Forms of Lawyers Wit;

And

And then with *Latin*, and all that,
Shews the Comparison is pat.

YET in some Points my Lord is wrong;
One's *Teeth* are sold, and t'other's *Tongue*:
Now Men of Parliament, God knows,
Are more like *Elephants of Shews*;
Whose docile Memory and Sense
Are turn'd to trick, to gather Pence.
To get their Master half a Crown,
They spread their Flag, or lay it down:
Those who bore Bulwarks on their Backs,
And guarded Nations from Attacks,
Now practise ev'ry pliant Gesture,
Op'ning their Trunk for ev'ry Tetter.
Siam, for Elephants so fam'd,
Is not with *England* to be nam'd;
Their Elephants by Men are sold;
Ours sell themselves, and take the Gold.

*An ELEGY on the supposed Death
of PARTRIDGE, the Almanack-
Maker.*

WELL, 'tis as *Bickirstaff* has guess'd,
Tho' we all took it for a Jest;
Partridge is dead, nay more, he dy'd
Ere he could prove the good 'Squire ly'd.

88 *An Elegy on PARTRIDGE.*

Strange, an Astrologer should die,
Without one Wonder in the Sky!
Not one of all his Crony Stars
To pay their Duty at his Herse?
No Meteor, no Eclipse appear'd?
No Comet with a flaming Beard?
The Sun has rose, and gone to Bed,
Just as if *Partridge* were not dead:
Nor hid himself behind the Moon,
To make a dreadful Night and Noon.
He at fit Periods walks thro' *Aries*,
Howe'er our earthly Motion varies;
And twice a Year he'll cut th' *Equator*.
As if there had been no such Matter.

SOME Wits have wonder'd what Analogy
There is 'twixt *Cobling* and *Astrology*;
How *Partridge* made his *Opticks* rise,
From a *Shoe-Sole*, to reach the Skies.

A LIST the Coblers Temples Ties,
To keep the Hair out of their Eyes;
From whence 'tis plain the *Diadem*
That Princes wear, derives from them.
And therefore Crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with *Golden Stars* and *Rays*,
Which plainly shews the near Alliance
'Twixt *Cobling* and the *Planets Science*.

Partridge was a Cöbler.

BESIDES,

An Elegy on PARTRIDGE. 89

BESIDES, that slow-pac'd Sign *Bootes*,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis?
But *Partridge* ended all Disputes,
He knew his Trade, and call'd it ² *Boots*.

THE *Horned Moon*, which heretofore
Upon their *Shoes* the *Romans* wore,
Whose Wideness kept their Toes from *Corns*,
And whence we claim our *Shoeing-horns*;
Shews how the Art of *Cobbling* bears
A near Resemblance to the *Spheres*.

A SCRAP of *Parchment* hung by *Geometry*
(A great Refinement in *Barometry*)
Can, like the Stars, fortel the Weather;
And what is *Parchment* else but *Leather*?
Which an *Astrologer* might use,
Either for *Almanacks* or *Shoes*.

THUS *Partridge*, by his Wit and Parts,
At once did practise both these Arts;
And as the boding Owl (or rather
The Bat, because her Wings are *Leather*)
Steals from her private Cell by Night,
And flies about the Candle-Light;
So learned *Partridge* could as well
Creep in the dark from *Leathern* Cell,
And, in his Fancy, fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling Star.

² See his *Almanack*.

BESIDES,

BESIDES, he could confound the *Spheres*,
 And set the *Planets* by the Ears;
 To shew his Skill, he *Mars* could join
 To *Venus* in *Aspect* *Mali'n*;
 Then call in *Mercury* for Aid,
 And cure the Wounds that *Venus* made.

GREAT Scholars have in *Lucian* read,
 When *Philip* King of *Greece* was dead,
 His *Soul* and *Spirit* did divide,
 And each Part took a diff'rent Side;
 One rose a Star, the other fell
 Beneath and mended Shoes in Hell.

THUS *Partridge* still shines in each Art,
 The *Cobling* and *Star-gazing* Part,
 And is install'd as good a Star
 As any of the *Cæsars* are.

TRIUMPHANT Star! some Pity shew
 On *Coblers* militant below,
 Whom roguish Boys in stormy Nights
 Torment, by pissing out their Lights;
 Or thro' a Chink convey their Smoke;
 Inclos'd *Artificers* to choke.

THOU, high exalted in thy Sphere,
 May'st follow still thy Calling there.
 To thee the *Bull* will lend his *Hide*,
 By *Phæbus* newly tann'd and dry'd.
 For thee thy *Argo's* Hulk will tax,
 And scrape her pitchy Sides for *Wax*.

Then

Then *Ariadne* kindly lends
Her braided Hair to make thee *Ends*.
The Point of *Sagittarius*' Dart
Turns to an *Awl*, by heav'nly Art;
And *Vulcan*, wheedled by his Wife,
Will forge for thee a *Paring-Knife*.
For want of Room, by *Virgo*'s Side,
She'll strain a Point, and sit³ astride,
To take thee kindly in *between*,
And then the Signs will be *Thirteen*.

The EPI TAPH.

HERE, *five Foot deep*, lies on his Back,
A *Cobler*, *Starmonger*, and *Quack*;
Who to the Stars in pure Good-will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep all you Customers that use
His Pills, his Almanacks, or Shoes;
And you that did your Fortunes seek,
Step to his Grave but once a Week:
This Earth which bears his Body's Print,
You'll find has so much Virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my Ears 'twill tell,
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In Phyfick, Stolen Goods, or Love,
As he himself could, when above.

³ Tibi brachia contrahet ingens
Scorpius, &c.

* VERSES to be prefixed before
BERNARD LINTOT's *New*
Miscellany.

SOME *Colinaeus* praise, some *Bleau*,
Others account them but so so;
Some *Plantin* to the rest prefer,
And some esteem *Old Elzevir*;
Others with *Aldus* would besot us;
I, for my Part, admire *Lintottus*,—
His Character's beyond Compare,
Like his own Person, large and fair.
They print their Names in Letters small,
But *LINTOT* stands in Capital:
Author and he, with equal Grace,
Appear, and stare you in the Face:
Stephens prints *Heathen Greek*, 'tis said,
Which some can't construe, some can't read:
But all that comes from *Lintot's* Hand,
Ev'n *Ra—son* might understand.
Oft in an *Aldus*, or a *Plantin*,
A Page is blotted, or Leaf wanting;
Of *Lintot's* Books this can't be said,
All fair, and not so much as read.
Their Copy cost 'em not a Penny
To *Homer*, *Virgil*, or to any;
They ne'er gave *Six-pence* for two Lines,
To them, their *Hears*, or their *Assigs*;

But

But *Lintot* is at vast Expence,
And pays prodigious dear for — Sense.
Their Books are useful but to few,
A Scholar, or a Wit or two;
Lintot's for gen'ral Use are fit;
For some Folks read, but all Folks sh—.

* To Mr. JOHN MOOR, *Author*
of the celebrated Worm-Powder.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms!

Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Vile Reptile, weak, and vain;
Awhile he crawls upon the Earth,
Then shrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
Ere since our Grandame's Evil;
She first convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-worms name;
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whose Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
 That flutter for a Day;
 First from a Worm they take their Rise,
 And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
 Thus Worms suit all Conditions;
 Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
 And Death-watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen,
 By all their winding Play;
 Their Conscience is a Worm within,
 That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah Moore! thy Skill were well employ'd,
 And greater Gain would rise,
 If thou could'st make the Courtier void
 The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
 Who sett'st our Entrails free?
 Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
 Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'st adjourn
 Some few short Years, no more!
 Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,
 Who Maggots were before.

* *VERSES occasioned by an &c. at
the End of Mr. D'URFY's Name in
the Title to one of his Plays*¹.

*J*OVE call'd before him, t'other Day,
The *Vowels*, *U*, *O*, *I*, *E*, *A*,
All *Diphthongs*, and all *Consonants*,
Either of *England*, or of *France*;
And all that were, or wish'd to be,
Rank'd in the Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

FIERCE in this Cause, the *Letters* spoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and *Mutes* turn'd vocal.

Those four proud *Syllables* alone
Were silent, which by *Fate's Decree*

Chim'd in so smoothly, one by one,

To the sweet Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

N, by whom Names subsist, declar'd,

To have no Place in this was hard;

And *Q* maintain'd 'twas but his Due

Still to keep Company with *U*;

So hop'd to stand no less than he

In the great Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

¹ *This Accident happen'd by Mr. D'Urfy's having
made a Flourish there, which the Printer mistook for
an &c.*

E shew'd, a *Comma* ne'er could claim
 A Place in any *British* Name;
 Yet making here a perfect Botch,
 Thrusts your poor Vowel from his Notch;
Hiatus mi valde defendus!
 From which good *Jupiter* defend us!
 Sooner I'd quit my Part in thee,
 Than be no Part in *Tom D'Urffy*.

P, protested, puff'd, and swore,
 He'd not be serv'd so like a Beast;
 He was a Piece of Emperor,
 And made up half a Pope at least.

C, vow'd, he'd frankly have releas'd
 His double Share in *Cæsar Caius*,
 For only one in *Tom D'Urfeius*.

I, Consonant and Vowel too,
 To *Jupiter* did humbly sue,
 That of his Grace he would proclaim
Durfeius his true *Latin* Name;
 For tho' without them both, 'twas clear,
 Himself could ne'er be *Jupiter*;
 Yet they'd resign that Post so high,
 To be the Genitive *Durfei*.

B and *L* swore *Bl*—— and *W*——s,
X and *Z* cry'd *P*—*x* and *Z*——s,
G swore by *G*—*d*, it ne'er should be,
 And *W* would not lose, not he,
 An *English* Letter's Property,
 In the great Name of *Tom D'Urffy*.

IN short, the rest were all in Fray,
 From *Christcross* to *Et cætera*.
 They, tho' but Standers-by too, mutter'd ;
 Diphthongs, and Triphthongs, swore and stutter'd ;
 That none had so much Right to be
 Part of the Name of stuttering T—

T— Tom—a as—— De— Dur—sy—sy.

THEN *Jove* thus spake ; With Care and Pain
 We form'd this Name, renown'd in Rhyme ;

Not thine, ¹ immortal *Neufgermain* !
 Costs studious *Cabalists* more Time.

YET now, as then, you all declare,
 Far hence to *Egypt* you'll repair,
 And turn strange Hieroglyphicks there ;
 Rather than Letters longer be,
 Unless i'th' Name of *Tom Durfy*.

WERE you all pleas'd, yet what, I pray,
 To foreign Letters could I say ?
 What if the *Hebrew* next should aim
 To turn quite backward *D'Urfsy's* Name ?
 Should the *Greek* quarrel too, by *Styx*, I
 Could ne'er bring in *Psi* and *Xi* ;
Omicron and *Omega* from us
 Would each hope to be O in *Thomas* ;

¹ A Poet, who used to make Verses ending with the
 last Syllables of the Names of those Persons he praised :
 Which Voiture turn'd against him in a Poem of the
 same Kind.

98 *Prologue for Mr. Durfy's Play.*

And all th' ambitious Vowels vie,
No less than *Pythagorick Y*,
To have a Place in *Tom D'Urfy*.

THEN well-beloved and trusty Letters!
Cons'nants and Vowels, much their Betters,
WE, willing to repair this Breach,
And all that in us lies, please each;
Et cat'ra to our Aid must call,
Et cat'ra represents ye all;
Et cat'ra therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd shall be
To the great Name of *Tom Durfy*.

* PROLOGUE, *design'd for Mr. Durfy's
last Play.*

GROWN old in Rhyme, 'twere barbarous to
discard

Your persevering, unexhausted Bard:
Damnation follows Death in other Men,
But your damn'd Poet lives, and writes again.
Th' advent'rous Lover is successful still,
Who strives to please the Fair *against* her Will:
Be kind, and make him in his Wishes easy,
Who in your own *Despite* has strove to please ye.
He scorn'd to borrow from the Wits of Yore;
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.

You

You Modern Wits, should each Man bring his Claim,
 Have desperate Debentures on your Fame;
 And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
 If all your Debts to *Greece* and *Rome* were paid.
 From his deep Fund our Author largely draws,
 Nor sinks his Credit lower than it was.
 Tho' Plays for Honour in old Time he made,
 'Tis now for better Reasons——to be paid.
 Believe him, he has known the World too long,
 And seen the Death of much immortal Song.
 He says, poor Poets lost, while Players won,
 As Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.
 Tho' *Tom* the Poet writ with Ease and Pleasure,
 The Comic *Tom* abounds in other Treasure.
 Fame is at best an unperforming Cheat;
 But 'tis substantial Happiness to eat.
 Let Ease, his last Request; be of your giving,
 Nor force him to be damn'd to get his Living.

* PROLOGUE to the Three Hours after
 Marriage.

AUTHORS are judg'd by strange capricious
 Rules;
 The great ones are thought mad, the small ones Fools;
 Yet sure the best are most severely fated,
 For Fools are only laugh'd at, Wits are hated.

100 · Prologue to the Three Hours, &c.

Blockheads with Reason Men of Sense abhor;
But Fool 'gainst Fool, is barb'rous Civil War.
Why on all Authors then should Criticks fall?
Since some have writ, and shewn no Wit at all.
Condemn a Play of theirs, and they evade it,
Cry, " Damn not us, but damn the *French* who
" made it."

By running Goods, these graceless Owlers gain;
Theirs are the *Rules of France*, the *Plots of Spain*:
But Wit like Wine, from happier Climates brought,
Dash'd by these Rogues, turns *English* common
Draught.

They pall *Moliere's* and *Lopez's* sprightly Strain,
And teach dull *Harlequins* to grin in vain.

How shall our Author hope a gentler Fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate.
It had been civil in these ticklish Times,
To fetch his Fools and Knaves from foreign Climes,
Spaniards and *French* abuse to the World's End,
But spare old *England*, lest you hurt a Friend.
If any Fool is by our Satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to shew you all, he's hit.
Poets make Characters, as *Salesmen* Clothes,
We take no Measure of your Fops and Beaus,
But here all Sizes and all Shapes you meet,
And fit yourselves, like Chaps in *Monmouth-street*.

GALLANTS!

GALLANTS! look here, this ¹ *Fools-Cap* has an Air,
 Goodly and smart with Ears of *Iffachar*.
 Let no one Fool engross it, or confine,
 A common Blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine,
 But Poets in all Ages had the Care
 To keep this Cap, for such as will, to wear.
 Our Author has it now (for every Wit
 Of Course resign'd it to the next that Writ;)
 And thus upon the Stage 'tis fairly ² thrown;
 Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

¹ *Shews a Cap with Ears.*

² *Flings down the Cap, and Exit.*

* SANDY'S GHOST: Or, a proper
new Ballad on the new Ovid's Me-
tamorphosis: As it was intended to
be translated by Persons of Quality.

YE Lords and Commons, Men of Wit,
 And Pleasure about Town;
 Read this e're you translate one Bit
 Of Books of high Renown.

Beware of *Latin* Authors all!
 Nor think your Verses Sterling,
 Tho' with a Golden Pen you scrawl,
 And scribble in a *Berlin*:

For not the Desk with silver Nails,
 Nor *Bureau* of Expence,
 Nor Standish well japan'd, avails
 To writing of good Sense.

Hear how a Ghost in dead of Night,
 With saucer Eyes of Fire,
 In woeful wise did sore affright
 A Wit and courtly 'Squire.

Rare Imp of *Phæbus*, hopeful Youth!
 Like Puppy tame that uses
 To fetch and carry, in his Mouth,
 The Works of all the Muses.

Ah! why did he write Poetry,
 That hereto was so civil;
 And sell his Soul for Vanity,
 To Rhyming and the Devil?
 A Desk he had of curious Work,
 With glitt'ring Studs about;
 Within the same did *Sandys* lurk,
 Tho' *Ovid* lay without.

Now as he scratch'd to fetch up Thought,
 Forth popp'd the *Sprite* so thin;
 And from the Key-hole bolted out,
 All upright as a Fin.
 With Whiskers, Band, and Pantaloon,
 And Ruff compos'd most duly;

This

This 'Squire he dropp'd his Pen full soon,
While as the Light burnt bluely.

Ho! Master *Sam*, quoth *Sandys'* Sprite,
Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if Rhymes fall in not right,
To *Budgel* seek, or *Carey*.

I hear the Beat of *Jacob's* Drums,
Poor *Ovid* finds no Quarter!
See first the merry *P*—— comes
In Haste, without his Garter.

Then Lords and Lordings, 'Squires and Knights,
Wits, Witlings, Prigs, and Peers;
Garth at *St. James's*, and at *White's*,
Beats up for Volunteers.

What *Fenton* will not do, nor *Gay*,
Nor *Congreve*, *Row*, nor *Stanyan*,
Tom B——t or *Tom D'Urffy* may,
John Dunton, *Steel*, or any one.

If Justice *Philip's* costive Head
Some frigid Rhymes disburles;
They shall like *Persian* Tales be read,
And glad both *Babes* and *Nurses*.

Let *W—rw—k's* Muse with *Asb*——t join,
And *Oxel's* with Lord *Harvey's*:
Tickell and *Addison* combine,
And *P—pe* translate with *Jervis*.

L—— himself, that lively Lord,

Who bows to ev'ry Lady,

Shall join with F—— in one Accord,

And be like *Tate* and *Brady*.

Ye *Ladies* too draw forth your Pen,

I pray where can the Hurt lie?

Since you have Brains as well as Men,

As witness Lady W——l——y.

Now, *Tonson*, list thy Forces all,

Review them, and tell Noses;

For to poor *Ovid* shall befall

A strange *Metamorphosis*.

A *Metamorphosis* more strange

Than all his Books can vapour;

"To what (quoth 'Squire) shall *Ovid* change?"

Quoth *Sandys*: To waste Paper.

* U M B R A.

CLOSE to the best known Author, *Umbra* fits,
The constant Index to all *Button's* Wits.

Who's here? cries *Umbra*: Only *Johnson*"—*Oh?*

Your Slave, and *exit*; but returns with *Rowe*.

Dear Rowe, lets fit and talk of *Tragedies*.

Not long, *Pope* enters, and to *Pope* he flies.

Then up comes *Steele*; he turns upon his *Heel*,

And in a Moment fastens upon *Steele*.

But

DUKE upon DUKE.

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But cries as soon, *Dear Dick, I must be gone,*
For, if I know his Tread, here's Addison.
 Says *Addison* to *Steele*, 'Tis Time to go,
Pope to the Closet steps aside with *Rowe*.
 Poor *Umbra*, left in this abandon'd Pickle,
 E'en sits him down, and writes to honest T—.

FOOL! 'tis in vain from Wit to Wit to roam;
 Know Sense, like Charity, *begins at Home.*

DUKE upon DUKE.

An excellent new Ballad.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.

TO Lordings proud I tune my Lay,
 Who feast in Bower or Hall :
 Though Dukes they be, to Dukes I say,
 That Pride will have a Fall.

Now, that this same it is right sooth,
 Full plainly doth appear,
 From what befel *John Duke of Guise*,
 And *Nic. of Lancastere*.

When *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* reign'd,
 (Which means a Lion's Heart)
 Like him his Barons rag'd and roar'd,
 Each play'd a Lion's Part.

A Word

A Word and Blow was then enough,
 (Such Honour did them prick)
 If you but turn'd your Cheek, a Cuff,
 And if your A—se, a Kick.

Look in their Face, they tweak'd your Nose,
 At ev'ry Turn fell to't;
 Come near, they trod upon your Toes;
 They fought from Head to Foot.

Of these, the Duke of *Lancaster*
 Stood Paramount in Pride;
 He kick'd, and cuff'd and tweak'd, and trod
 His Foes, and Friends beside.

Firm on his Front his Beaver late,
 So broad, it hid his Chin;
 For why? he deem'd no Man his Mate,
 And fear'd to tan his Skin.

With *Spanish* Wool he dy'd his Cheek,
 With Essence oil'd his Hair;
 No Vixen Civet-Cat so sweet,
 Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
 Though made full short by G—d:
 And when all other Dukes did bow,
 This Duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonair,
 To *Guise's* Duke was he;

Was

Was never such a loving Pair,
How could they disagree?

Oh, thus it was. He lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him:

And having no Friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate Quill;
And thus he did indite:

"This Eve at Whisk ourself will play,
"Sir Duke! be here to Night."

Ah no, ah no, the guileless *Guise*
Demurely did reply,

I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
So fore the Gout have I.

The Duke in Wrath call'd for his Steeds,
And fiercely drove them on;

Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy Stones,
Oh Kingly *Kensington*!

All in a Trice he rush'd on *Guise*,
Thrust out his Lady dear,

He tweak'd his Nose, trod on his Toes,
And smote him on the Ear.

But mark, how 'midst of Victory,
Fate plays her old Dog Trick!

Up leap'd Duke *John*, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell Duke *Nic*.

Alas,

Alas, oh *Nic!* Oh *Nic.* alas!

Right did thy Gossip call thee:

As who should say, alas the Day,

When *John of Guise* shall maul thee.

For on thee did he clap his Chair,

And on that Chair did sit;

And look'd, as if he meant therein

To do—what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh woeful Duke!

Thy Mouth yet durst not open,

Certes for fear, of finding there

A T—d instead of Trope.

“ Lye there, thou Caitiff vile! quoth *Guise*,

“ No *Sheet* is here to save thee;

“ The Casement it is shut likewise;

“ Beneath my Feet I have thee.

“ If thou hast ought to speak, speak out:”

Then *Lancaster* did cry,

“ Know’st thou not me, nor yet thy self?

“ Who thou, and who am I?

“ Know’st thou not me, who (God be prais’d)

“ Have brawl’d, and quarrel’d more,

“ Than all the Line of *Lancastere*

“ That battled heretofore?

“ In *Senates* fam’d for many a Speech,

“ And (what some Awe must give ye,

“ Tho’

" Tho' laid thus low beneath thy Breech)

" Still of the Council Privy.

" Still of the *Duchy* Chancellor,

" *Durante Life* I have it;

" And turn, as now thou do'st on me,

" Mine A—e on them that gave it."

But now the Servants they rush'd in;

And Duke *Nic.* up leap'd he:

I will not cope against such Odds,

But, *Guise*! I'll fight with thee:

To-morrow with thee will I fight

Under the Greenwood Tree;

" No, not To-morrow, but To-night

" (Quoth *Guise*) I'll fight with thee."

And now the Sun declining low

Bestreak'd with Blood the Skies;

When, with his Sword, at Saddle Bow,

Rode forth the valiant *Guise*;

Full gently praunc'd he o'er the Lawn;

Off' roll'd his Eyes around,

And from the Stirrup stretch'd, to find

Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the Blade in Air,

Long look'd the Field all o'er:

At length he spy'd the Merry-men brown,

And eke the Coach and four.

From

110 DUKE *upon* DUKE.

From out the Boot bold *Nicholas*
 Did wave his Wand so white,
 As pointing out the gloomy Glade
 Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful Hour, so calm
 Was *Lancasters* to see,
 As if he meant to take the Air,
 Or only take a Fee,

And so he did—for to *New Court*
 His rowling Wheels did run:
 Not that he shunn'd the doubtful Strife,
 But *Bus'ness* must be done.

Back in the Dark, by *Brompton Park*,
 He turn'd up through the *Gore*;
 So slunk to *Camden House* so high,
 All in his Coach and four.

Mean while Duke *Guise* did fret and fume,
 A Sight it was to see;
 Benumm'd beneath the Evening Dew,
 Under the Greenwood Tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
 Sore mutt'ring all the way,

“ The Day I meet him, *Nic.* shall rue
 “ The Cudgel of that Day.

“ Mean Time on ev'ry Piffing-Post
 “ Paste we this Recreant's Name,

“ So

" So that each Pisser-by shall read,

" And piss against the same."

Now God preserve our gracious King!

And grant, his Nobles all

May learn this Lesson from Duke Nic.

That *Pride will have a Fall.*

* A Fragment of a SATIRE.

IF meagre *Gildon* draws his venal Quill,

I with the Man a Dinner, and sit still.

If dreadful *Dennis* raves in furious Fret,

I'll answer *Dennis* when I am in Debt.

'Tis Hunger, and not Malice, makes them print,

And who'll wage War with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*?

Should some more sober Criticks come abroad,

If wrong, I smile; if right, I kiss the Rod.

Pains, Reading, Study, are their just Pretence,

And all they want is Spirit, Taste, and Sense.

Commas and Points they set exactly right;

And 'twere a Sin to rob them of their *Mite*.

Yet ne'er one Sprig of Laurel grac'd those Ribbalds,

From flashing *B——y* down to piddling *Tibbalds*;

Who thinks he *reads*, when he but *scans* and *spells*,

A Word-catcher, that lives on Syllables.

Yet ev'n this Creature may some Notice claim,

Wrapt round and sanctify'd with *Shakespeare's* Name.

Pretty.

Pretty, in Amber to observe the Forms
Of Hairs, or Straws, or Dirt, or Grubs, or Worms :
The *Thing* we know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the Devil it got there.

ARE others angry ? I excuse them too,
Well may they rage ; I give them but their Due.
Each Man's true Merit 'tis not hard to find ;
But each Man's secret Standard in his Mind,
That casting Weight Pride adds to Emptiness ;
This who can gratify ? for who can guess ?
The Wretch whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turn's a *Persian* Tale for half a Crown,
Just writes to make his Barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound Brains, six Lines a Year ;
In Sense still wanting, tho' he lives on Theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :
¹ *Johnson*, who now to Sense, now Nonsense leaning,
² Means not, but blunders round about a Meaning ;
And he, whose Fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad :
Should modest Satire bid all these translate,
And own that nine such Poets make a *Tate* ;
How would they fume, and stamp, and roar, and
chafe !
How would they swear, not *Congreve*'s self was safe !

¹ *Author of the Victim, and Cocker of Preston.*

² *Verse of Dr. Ev.*

PEACE to all such ! but were there one whose Fires
Apollo kindled, and fair Fame inspires,
 Blest with each Talent, and each Art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with Ease ;
 Should such a Man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the *Turk*, no Brother near the Throne ;
 View him with scornful, yet with fearful Eyes,
 And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise ;
 Damn with faint Praise, assent with civil Leer,
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer ;
 Wishing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a Fault, and hesitate Dislike ;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
 A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend,
 Dreading e'en Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd :
 Who, if two Wits on rival Themes contest,
 Approves of each, but likes the worst the best ;
 Like *Cato* gives his *little Senate* Laws,
 And sits attentive to his own Applause ;
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry Sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise.
 What Pity, Heav'n ! if such a Man there be,
 Who would not weep, if *A—n* were he ?

* M A C E R.

WHEN simple *Macer* now of high Renown,
First sought a Poet's Fortune in the Town:

'Twas all th' Ambition his great Soul could feel,
To wear red Stockings, and to dine with St——
Some Ends of Verse his Betters might afford,
And gave the harmless Fellow a good Word,
Set up with these, he ventur'd on the Town,
And in a borrow'd Play, out-did poor Cr——.
There he stopt short, nor since has writ a Tittle,
But has the Wit to make the most of little;
Like stunted Hide-bound Trees, that just have got
Sufficient Sap at once to bear and rot.

¹ Now he begs Verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his Foes, but Fools his Friends.

So some coarse Country Wench almost decay'd,
Trudges to Town, and first turns Chamber-maid;
Aukward and supple, each Devoir to pay,
She flatters her good Lady twice a Day;
Thought wond'rous honest, tho' of mean Degree,
And strangely lik'd for her *Simplicity*:
In a translated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own;

¹ *He requested by public Advertisements, the Aid of
the Ingenious, to make up a Miscellany in 1713.*

But

But just endur'd the Winter she began,
 And in four Months, a batter'd Harridan.
 Now nothing's left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
 To bawd for others, and go Shares with Punk.

* SYLVIA, a Fragment.

SYLVIA my Heart in wond'rous wise alarm'd,
 Aw'd with Sense, and without Beauty charm'd,
 But some odd Graces, and fine Flights, she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
 Her Tongue still run on Credit from her Eyes,
 More pert than witty, more a Wit than wife.
 Good Nature, she declar'd it, was her Scorn,
 Tho' 'twas by that alone she could be born.
 Affronting all, yet fond of a good Name,
 A Fool to Pleasure, yet a Slave to Fame;
 Now coy, and studious in no Point to fall,
 Now all agog for D————y at a Ball:
 Now deep in *Taylor*, and the *Book of Martyrs*,
 Now drinking Citron with his Gr—— and C——.

MEN, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure take,
 But ev'ry Woman's in her Soul a Rake.
 Frail, fev'rish Sex! their Fit now chills, now burns;
 Atheism and Superstition rule by Turns:

And the mere Heathen in her carnal Part,
Is still a sad good Christian at her Heart.

* *ARTEMISIA.*

TH^O' *Artemisia* talks, by Fits,
Of Councils, Classicks, Fathers, Wits;
Reads *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Locke* :
Yet in some Things, methinks, she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her Nails,
And wear a cleaner Smock.

Haughty and huge as *High-Dutch* Bride,
Such Nastiness, and so much Pride,
Are oddly join'd by Fate :
On her large Squab you find her spread,
Like a fat Corpse upon a Bed,
That lies and stinks in State.

She wears no Colours (Sign of Grace)
On any Part except her Face ;
All white and black beside :
Dauntless her Look, her Gesture proud,
Her Voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her Stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating Thing, a Magpy Height,
Majesti-

Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless Animal,
That plies the Tongue, and wags the Tail,
All Flutter, Pride, and Talk.

* P H R Y N E.

PHRYNE had Talents for Mankind,
Open she was, and unconfin'd,
Like some free Port of Trade:
Merchants unloaded here their Freight,
And Agents from each foreign State,
Here first their Entry made.
Her Learning and good Breeding such,
Whether th' *Italian* or the *Dutch*,
Spaniard or *French* came to her;
To all obliging she'd appear;
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynbeer*,
'Twas *S' il vous plait, Monsieur*.
Obscure by Birth, renown'd by Crimes,
Still changing Names, Religion, Climes,
At length she turns a Bride;
In Di'monds, Pearls, and rich Brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd Jades,
And flutters in her Pride.

118 On Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD.

So have I known those Insects fair,
(Which curious *Germans* hold so rare,)
Still vary Shapes and Dyes;
Still gain new Titles with new Forms;
First Grubs obscene, then wrigling Worms,
Then painted Butterflies.

On Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD.

WHEN *Cupid* did his Grandfire *Jove* intreat
To form some Beauty by a new Receipt,
Jove sent and found far in a Country Scene,
Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, Look serene;
From which Ingredients, first the dext'rous Boy
Pick'd the Demure, the Aukward, and the Coy;
The *Graces* from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride;
These *Venus* cleans'd from ev'ry spurious Grain
Of Nice, Coquet, Affected, Pert, and Vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best Clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy Composition, *Floyd*.

APOLLO

APOLLO outwitted.

*To the Honourable Mrs. FINCH, -under her
Name of ARDELIA.*

PHOEBUS now short'ning ev'ry Shade,
Up to the Northern *Tropick* came,
And then beheld a lovely Maid,
Attending on a Royal Dame.

The God laid down his feeble Rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring Coach,
But fenc'd his Head with his own Bays,
Before he durst the Nymph approach.

Under those Sacred Leaves, secure
From common Lightning of the Skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The Flashes of *Ardelia's* Eyes.

The Nymph, who oft had read in Books,
Of that bright God whom Bards invoke,
Soon knew *Apollo* by his Looks,
And guess'd his Bus'ness e're he spoke.

He, in the old Celestial Cant,
Confess'd his Flame, and swore by *Styx*,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant;
But wise *Ardelia* knew his Tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
 Of stroling Gods, whose usual Trade is,
 Under Pretence of taking Air,
 To pick up sublunary Ladies.

Howe'er she gave no flat Denial,
 As having Malice in her Heart ;

And was resolv'd upon a Trial,
 To cheat the God in his own Art.

Hear my Request, the Virgin said ;

Let which I please of all the Nine

Attend whene'er I want their Aid,

Obeys my Call, and only mine.

By Vow oblig'd, by Passion led,

The God could not refuse her Pray'r :

He wov'd his Wreath thrice o'er her Head,

Thrice mutter'd something to the Air.

And now he thought to seize his Due,

But she the Charm already try'd,

Thalia heard the Call, and flew,

To wait at bright *Ardelia's* Side.

On Sight of this Celestial *Prude*,

Apollo thought it vain to stay,

Nor in her Presence durst be rude,

But made his Leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky Hour,

When on the Queen the Muses wait :

But

To Lady WINCHELSEA. 121

But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia's* Pow'r,
For Vows divine are kept by Fate.
Then, full of Rage, *Apollo* spoke,
Deceitful Nymph, I see thy Art:
And tho' I can't my Gift revoke,
I'll disappoint its nobler Part.
Let stubborn Pride possess thee long,
And be thou negligent of Fame;
With ev'ry Muse to grace thy Song,
May'st thou despise a Poet's Name.
Of modest Poets be thou first,
To silent Shades repeat they Verse,
Till *Fame* and *Echo* almost burst,
Yet hardly dare one Line rehearse.
And last, my Vengeance to compleat,
May you descend to take Renown,
Prevail'd on by the Thing you hate,
A Whig, and one that wears a Gown.

* *Impromptu, To Lady WINCHELSEA.*
Occasion'd by four Satyrical Verses on
Women-Wits, in the Rape of the
Lock.

IN vain you boast Poetic Names of yore,
And cite those *Sappho's* we admire no more:
Fate

Fate doom'd the Fall of ev'ry Female Wit,
 But doom'd it then, when first *Ardelia* writ.
 Of all Examples by the World confest,
 I know *Ardelia* could not quote the best;
 Who, like her Mistress on *Britannia's* Throne,
 Fights and subdues in Quarrels not her own.
 To write their Praise you but in vain essay;
 Ev'n while you write, you take that Praise away:
 Light to the Stars the Sun does thus restore,
 But shines himself till they are seen no more.

* E P I G R A M.

A Bishop by his Neighbours hated
 Has Cause to wish himself translated.

But why should *Hough* desire Translation,
 Lov'd and esteem'd by all the Nation?

YET if it be the old Man's Case,
 I'll lay my Life, I know the Place.
 'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
 And whither *Enoch* went before him.

STELLA'S *Birth-Day*. 1718.

STELLA this Day is Thirty-four,
 (We shan't dispute a Year or more:)

Howe'er, *Stella*, be not troubled,
 Altho' thy Size and Years are doubled,

Since

Since first I saw thee at Sixteen,
 The brightest Virgin on the Green.
 So little is thy Form declin'd ;
 Made up so largely in thy Mind.

Oh, would it please the Gods, to *split*
 Thy Beauty, Size, and Years, and Wit,
 No Age could furnish out a Pair
 Of Nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair:
 With half the Lustre of your Eyes,
 With half your Wit, your Years, and Size.
 And then, before it grew too late,
 How should I beg of gentle Fate,
 (That either Nymph might have her Swain)
 To split my Worship too in twain.

STELLA'S *Birth-Day*. 1720.

ALL Travellers at first incline
 Where-e'er they see the fairest Sign;
 And if they find the Chambers neat,
 And like the Liquor and the Meat,
 Will call again, and recommend
 The *Angel-Inn* to ev'ry Friend.
 What tho' the Painting grows decay'd,
 The House will never lose its Trade :
 Nay, tho' the treach'rous Tapster *Thomas*
 Hangs a new Angel two Doors from us.

As fine as Dawbers Hands can make it,
 In Hopes that Strangers may mistake it,
 We think it both a Shame and Sin,
 To quit the true old *Angel-Inn*.

Now this is *Stella's* Case in Fact,
 An *Angel's* Face a little crack'd;
 (Could Poets, or could Painters fix
 How *Angels* look at Thirty-six:)
 This drew us in at first, to find
 In such a Form an *Angel's* Mind;
 And ev'ry Virtue now supplies
 The fainting Rays of *Stella's* Eyes.
 See at her Levee, crowding Swains,
 Whom *Stella* freely entertains,
 With Breeding, Humour, Wit, and Sense,
 And puts them but to small Expence;
 Their Mind so plentifully fills,
 And makes such reasonable Bills,
 So little gets for what she gives,
 We really wonder how she lives!
 And had her Stock been less, no doubt,
 She must have long ago run out.

THEN who can think we'll quit the Place,
 When *Doll* hangs out a newer Face;
 Or stop and light at *Chloe's* Head,
 With Scraps and Leavings to be fed.

THEN *Chloe*, still go on to prate
 Of Thirty-six, and Thirty-eight;

Pursue

Pursue your Trade of Scandal-picking,
 Your Hints, that *Stella* is no Chicken,
 Your Innuendo's, when you tell us
 That *Stella* loves to talk with Fellows;
 And let me warn you to believe
 A Truth, for which your Soul should grieve;
 That should you live to see the Day
 When *Stella's* Locks must all be grey,
 When Age must print a furrow'd Trace,
 On ev'ry Feature of her Face;
 Tho' you and all your senseless Tribe,
 Could Art, or Time, or Nature bribe,
 To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
 And hold for ever at Fifteen;
 No Bloom of Youth can ever blind
 The Cracks and Wrinkles of your Mind;
 All Men of Sense will pass your Door,
 And crowd to *Stella's* at Fourscore.

STELLA'S Birth-Day. *A great Bot-
 tle of Wine, long buried, being that
 Day dug up.* 1722.

RESOLV'D my annual Verse to pay,
 By Duty bound, on *Stella's* Day;
 Furnish'd with Paper, Pens, and Ink,
 I gravely sat me down to think:

I bit

I bit my Nails, and scratch'd my Head,
 But found my Wit and Fancy fled ;
 Or, if with more than usual Pain,
 A Thought came slowly from my Brain,
 It cost me Lord knows how much Time
 To shape it into Sense and Rhyme ;
 And, what was yet a greater Curse,
 Long-Thinking made my Fancy worse.

FORSAKEN by th' inspiring Nine,
 I waited at *Apollo's* Shrine ;
 I told him what the World would say
 If *Stella* went unfung to Day ;
 How I should hide my Head for Shame,
 When both the *Jacks* and *Robin* came ?
 How *Ford* would frown, how *Jim* would leer,
 How *Sh——* the Rogue would sneer,
 And swear it does not always follow,
 That *Semel'n anno ridet Apollo*.
 I have assur'd them twenty Times,
 That *Phæbus* help'd me in my Rhymes,
Phæbus inspir'd me from above,
 And he and I were Hand and Glove.
 But finding me so dull and dry since,
 They'll call it all poetic Licence.
 And when I brag of Aid divine,
 Think *Eusden's* Right as good as mine.

NOR do I ask for *Stella's* Sake ;
 'Tis my own Credit lies at Stake.

And

And *Stella* will be sung, while I
Can only be a Stander-by.

APOLLO having thought a little,
Return'd this Answer to a Tittle.

Tho' you should live like old *Methusalem*,
I furnish Hints, and you should use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her Virtues half untold.

But to say Truth, such Dulness reigns
Thro' the whole Set of I—*sh* D—ns;
I'm daily stunn'd with such a Medley,
D—n *W—*, D—n *D—t*, and D—n *S—*;
That let what D—n foever come,
My Orders are, I'm not Home;
And if your Voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the Crowd.

But, now, your Danger to prevent,
You must apply to ¹ *Mrs. Brent*,
For she, as Priestess, knows the Rites
Wherein the God of *Earth* delights.
First, nine Ways looking, let her stand
With an old Poker in her Hand;
Let her describe a Circle round
In ² *Saunders's* Cellar on the Ground;
A Spade let prudent ³ *Archer* hold,
And with Discretion dig the Mould;

¹ *The Housekeeper.* ² *The Butler.* ³ *The Footman.*

Let *Stella* look with watchful Eye,
Rebecca, *Ford*, and *Grattons* by.

BEHOLD the BOTTLE, where it lies
 With Neck elated tow'rd's the Skies!
 The God of Winds, and God of Fire,
 Did to its wond'rous Birth conspire;
 And *Bacchus* for the Poet's Use
 Pour'd in a strong inspiring Juice:
 See! as you raise it from its Tomb,
 It drags behind a spacious Womb,
 And in the spacious Womb contains
 A sov'reign Med'cine for the Brains.

You'll find it soon, if Fate consents;
 If not, a thousand Mrs. *Brents*,
 Ten thousand *Archys* arm'd with Spades,
 May dig in vain to *Pluto's* Shades.

FROM thence a plenteous Draught infuse,
 And boldly then invoke the Muse;
 (But first let *Robert* on his Knees
 With Caution drain it from the Lees)
 The Muse will at your Call appear,
 With *Stella's* Praise to crown the Year.

STELLA's

STELLA'S *Birth-Day*, 1724.

AS when a beauteous Nymph decays,
 We say she's past her Dancing Days;
 So Poets lose their Feet by Time,
 And can no longer dance in Ryme.
 Your annual Bard had rather chose
 To celebrate your Birth in Prose;
 Yet merry Folks who want by Chance
 A Pair to make a Country Dance,
 Call the old House-keeper, and get her
 To fill a Place, for want of better;
 While *S—n* is off the Hooks;
 And Friend *D—y* at his Books,
 That *Stella* may avoid Disgrace,
 Once more the *D—n* supplies their Place.

BEAUTY and Wit, too sad a Truth,
 Have always been confin'd to Truth;
 The God of Wit, and Beauty's Queen,
 He Twenty one, and she Fifteen;
 No Poet ever sweetly sung,
 Unless he were like *Phœbus*, young;
 Nor ever Nymph inspir'd to Rhyme,
 Unless like *Venus* in her Prime.
 At Fifty-fix, if this be true,
 Am I a Poet fit for you?

Or at the Age of Forty-three,
Are you a Subject fit for me?
Adieu bright Wit, and radiant Eyes;
You must be grave, and I be wise.
Our Fate in vain we would oppose,
But I'll be still your Friend in Prose;
Esteem and Friendship to express,
Will not require Poetic Dress;
And if the Muse deny her Aid
To have them *sung*, they may be *said*.

BUT, *Stella*, say, what evil Tongue
Reports you are no longer young?
That *Time* fits with his Scythe to mow
Where erst fate *Cupid* with his Bow;
That half your Locks are turn'd to Grey;
I'll ne'er believe a Word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My Eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For Nature, always in the Right,
To your Decays adapts my Sight,
And Wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm ashamed to use a Glass;
And till I see them with these Eyes.
Whoever says you have them, lies.

No Length of Time can make you quit
Honour and Virtue, Sense and Wit,
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *see*:

Oh,

Oh, ne'er may Fortune shew her Spight,
To make me deaf, and mend my *Sight*.

STELLA'S *Birth-Day*, March 13,
1726.

THIS Day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with Joy by me ;
This Day then, let us not be told
That you are sick, and I grown old,
Nor think on our approaching Ills,
And talk of Spectacles and Pills ;
To-morrow will be Time enough
To hear such mortifying Stuff.

Yet, since some Reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing Thought,
Which can, in spite of all Decays,
Support a few remaining Days :
From not the gravest of Divines,
Accept for once some serious Lines.

ALTHO' we now can form no more
Long Schemes of Life, as heretofore ;
Yet you, while Time is running fast,
Can look with Joy on what is past.

WERE future Happiness and Pain
A mere Contrivance of the Brain,

As Atheists argue, to entice,
And fit their Profelytes for Vice,
(The only Comfort they propose,
To have Companions in their Woes.)
Grant this the Case, yet sure 'tis hard
That Virtue, styl'd its own Reward,
And by all Sages understood
To be the chief of human Good,
Should acting, die, or leave behind
Some lasting Pleasure in the Mind,
Which by Remembrance will assuage,
Grief, Sickness, Poverty, and Age;
And strongly shoot a radiant Dart,
To shine thro' Life's declining Part.

SAY, *Stella*, feel you no Content,
Reflecting on a Life well spent;
Your skilful Hand employ'd to save
Despairing Wretches from the Grave;
And then supporting with your Store,
Those whom you dragg'd from Death before:
(So Providence on Mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates)
Your gen'rous Boldness to defend
An innocent and absent Friend;
That Courage which can make you just,
To Merit humbled in the Dust;
The Detestation you express
For Vice in all its glitt'ring Drefs:

That

That Patience under tort'ring Pain,
Where stubborn Stoicks would complain.

MUST these like empty Shadows pass,
Or Forms reflected from a Glass?
Or mere Chimæras in the Mind,
That fly, and leave no Marks behind?
Does not the Body thrive and grow
By Food of twenty Years ago?
And, had it not been still supply'd,
It must a thousand Times had dy'd.
Then, who with Reason can maintain
That no Effects of Food remain?
And, is not Virtue in Mankind
The Nutriment that feeds the Mind?
Upheld by each good Action past,
And still continu'd by the last:
Then, who with Reason can pretend
That all Effects of Virtue end?

BELIEVE me, *Stella*, when you show
That true Contempt for Things below,
Nor prize your Life for other Ends
Than merely to oblige your Friends;
Your former Actions claim their Part,
And join to fortify your Heart.
For Virtue in her daily Race,
Like *Janus*, bears a double Face;
Looks back with Joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with Courage on.

She at your sickly Couch will wait,
And guide you to a better State.

O THEN, whatever Heav'n intends;
Take Pity on your pitying Friends;
Nor let your Ills affect your Mind,
To fancy they can be unkind,
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your Sufferings share;
Or give my Scrap of Life to you,
And think it far beneath your Due;
You to whose Care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

* To Mrs. M. B. sent on her Birth-Day,
June 15.

O H, be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and
a Friend :

Not with those Toys the Female Race admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire;
Not as the World its pretty Slaves rewards,
A Youth of Frolicks, an Old Age of Cards;
Fair to no Purpose, artful to no End;
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot;
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

LET

LET Joy, or Ease, let Affluence, or Content,
 And the gay Conscience of a Life well spent,
 Calm ev'ry Thought, inspirit ev'ry Grace,
 Glow in thy Heart, and smile upon thy Face;
 Let Day improve on Day, and Year on Year,
 Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear:
 Till Death unfelt that tender Frame destroy,
 In some soft Dream, or Extasy of Joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
 And wake to Raptures in a Life to come!

* SONG. *By a Person of Quality.*

I SAID to my Heart, between Sleeping and Wak-
 ing,
 Thou wild Thing, that always art leaping or aching,
 What Black, Brown, or Fair, in what Clime, in
 what Nation,
 By Turns has not taught thee a Pit—a—patation?
 Thus accus'd, the wild Thing gave this sober Reply:
 See the Heart without Motion, tho' *Cælia* pass by!
 Not the Beauty she has, or the Wit that she borrows,
 Gives the Eye any Joys, or the Heart any Sorrows.
 When our *Sappho* appears, she whose Wit so refin'd,
 I am forc'd to applaud with the rest of Mankind;
 Whatever she says is with Spirit and Fire;
 Ev'ry Word I attend; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her Claim,
 Ever gazing on Heaven, tho' Man in her Aim;
 'Tis Love, not Devotion, that turns up her Eyes,
 Those Stars of this World are too good for the Skies!
 But *Chloe* so lively, so easy, so fair,
 Her Wit so genteel, without Art, without Care;
 When she comes in my Way, the Motion, the Pain,
 The Leapings, the Achings return all again.
 O wonderful Creature! a Woman of Reason!
 Never grave out of Pride, never gay out of Season!
 When so easy to guess who this Angel should be,
 Would one think Mrs. *H——d* ne'er dreamt it was
 She?

* BALLAD.

OF all the Girls that e'er were seen,
 There's none so fine as *Nelly*,
 For charming Face, and Shape, and Mien,
 And what's not fit to tell ye:
 Oh! the turn'd Neck, and smooth white Skin,
 Of lovely dearest *Nelly*!
 For many a Swain it well had been
 Had she ne'er past by *Calai*,

For

For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,
 (Invited by her Cousins)
 Across the *Tuilleries* each Glance

Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole Dozens.
 The King, as he at Dinner sat,
 Did beckon to his *Huffar*,
 And bid him bring his *Tabby-Cat*,
 For charming *Nell* to buss her.

The Ladies were with Rage provok'd,
 To see her so respected;
 The Men look'd arch, as *Nelly* strok'd,
 And Puss her Tail erected.

But not a Man did Look employ,
 Except on pretty *Nelly*,

Then said the Duke de *Villeroy*,
Ab! qu'elle est bien jolie!

But who's that grave *Philosopher*,
 That carefully looks a'ter?

By his Concern it doth appear,
 The Fair one is his Daughter.

Ma foy! (quoth then a Courtier fly)
 He on his Child does lear too:

I wish he has no Mind to try
 What some Papa's will here do.

The Courtiers all with one Accord,
 Broke out in *Nelly's* Praises,

Admir'd

Admir'd her *Rose*, and *Lys sans farde*,
 (Which are your *Terms Françoises*.)
 Then might you see a painted Ring,
 Of Dames that stood by *Nelly*;
 She like the Pride of all the Spring,
 And they, like *Fleurs de Palais*.

In *Marli's* Gardens and *St. Clou*,
 I saw this charming *Nelly*,
 Where shameless Nymphs, expos'd to View,
 Stand naked in each *Alley*;
 But *Venus* had a brazen Face;
 Both at *Versailles* and *Meudon*,
 Or else she had resign'd her Place,
 And left the Stone she stood on.

Were *Nelly's* Figure mounted there,
 'Twould put down all th' *Italian*:
 Lord! how those Foreigners would stare:
 But I should turn *Pigmalion*:
 For spite of Lips, and Eyes, and Mien,
 Me, nothing can delight so,
 As does that Part that lies between
 Her Left Toe, and her Right Toe.

O. D. E.

* ODE, for Musick. On the Longi-
TUDE.

RECITATIVO.

THE Longitude mist on
By wicked Will. Whiston;

And not better hit on
By good Master Ditton.

RITORNELLO.

So Ditton and Whiston

May both be bep-ft on;

And Whiston and Ditton

May both be besh-t on.

Sing Ditton,

Besh-t on;

And Whiston,

Bep-ft on.

Sing Ditton and Whiston,

And Whiston and Ditton,

Besh-t and bep-ft on,

Bep-ft and besh-t on.

DA CARO.

EPIGRAM

* EPIGRAM *on the Feuds about
Handel and Bononcini.*

STRANGE! all this Difference should be,
'Twixt Tweedle-*Dum*, and Tweedle-*Dee*!

* *On Mrs. T*—*s.*

SO bright is thy Beauty, so charming thy Song,
As had drawn both the Beasts and their Orphans
along:

But such is thy Av'rice, and such is thy Pride,
That the Beasts must have starv'd, and the Poet have
dy'd.

* TWO OR THREE; *or a Receipt
to make a Cuckold.*

TWO or three Visits, and two or three Bows,
Two or three civil Things, two or three
Vows,

Two or three Kisses, with two or three Sighs,

Two or three *Jesus's* and *Let-me-die's*,

Two or three Squeezes, and two or three Towzes,

(With two or three thousand Pound lost at their
Houses)

Can never fail Cuckolding two or three Spoufes.

EPIGRAM

On

* *On a LADY who P—ft at the Tragedy
of CATO; occasioned by an Epigram
on a LADY who wept at it.*

WHILE maudling *Whigs* deplor'd their *Cato's*
Fate,
Still with dry Eyes the *Tory Celia* fate,
But while her Pride forbids her Tears to flow,
The gushing Waters find a Vent below;
Tho' secret, yet with copious Grief she mourns,
Like twenty River-Gods with all their Urns.
Let others screw their Hypocritick Face,
She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place,
There Nature reigns, and Passion void of Art,
For that Road leads directly to the Heart.

* *EPIGRAM, in a Maid of Honour's
Prayer-Book.*

WHEN *Israel's* Daughters mourn'd their past
Offences,
They dealt in *Sackcloth*, and turn'd *Cynder-Wenches*;
But *Richmond's* Fair-ones never spoil their Locks,
They use white Powder, and wear *Holland Smocks*.
O comely Church! where Females find *clean Linen*
As decent to *repent* in, as to *sin* in.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
 He took to the Street, and fled for his Life;
Tom's three dearest Friends came by in the Squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the Shrew and the
 Rabble;

Then ventur'd to give him some sober Advice —
 But, *Tom* is a Person of Honour so nice,
 Too wise to take Council, too proud to take Warning,
 That he sent to all three a Challenge next Morning;
 Three Duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his Life;
 Went Home, and was cudgell'd again by his Wife.

* *The Balance of EUROPE.*

NOW *Europe's* balanc'd, neither Side prevails,
 For nothing's left in either of the Scales.

A Pens-

* *A Panegyric*al EPISTLE to Mr.
 THOMAS SNOW, Goldsmith,
 near Temple-Bar; Occasioned by
 his Buying and Selling the Third
 South-Sea Subscriptions, taken in by
 the Directors at a Thousand per
 Cent.

DISDAIN not, SNOW, my humble Verse to hear;
 Stick thy black Pen awhile behind thy Ear.
 Whether thy Compter shine with Sums untold,
 And thy wide-grasping Hand grows black with Gold;
 Whether thy Mien erect and sable Locks,
 In Crowds of Brokers over-awe the Stocks:
 Suspend the worldly Bus'ness of the Day,
 And, to enrich thy Mind, attend my Lay:

O THOU, whose penetrative Wisdom found
 The South-Sea Rocks and Shelves where Thousands
 drown'd.

When Credit sunk, and Commerce gasping lay,
 Thou stood'st: No Bill was sent unpaid away.
 When not a Guinea chink'd on ^s Martin's Boards,
 And ^s Atwill's self was drain'd of all his Hoards,

^s Names of eminent Goldsmiths.

Thou

144 *Epistle to Mr. THO. SNOW.*

Thou stood'st: (an *Indian* King in Size and Hue)
Thy unexhausted Shop was our *Peru*.

WHY did *Ghange-Alley* waste thy precious Hours,
Among the Fools who gap'd for Golden Show'rs?
No Wonder if we find some Poets there,
Who live on Fancy, and can feed on Air;
No Wonder, they were caught by *South-Sea* Schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a Guinea, but in Dreams;
No Wonder, *they* their Third Subscriptions fold,
For Millions of imaginary Gold;
No Wonder, that *their* Fancies wild can frame
Strange Reasons, that a Thing is still the same,
Tho' chang'd throughout in Substance and in
Name.

But *you* (whose Judgment scorns Poetic Flights)
With Contrasts furnish Boys for Paper Kites.

LET Vulture *H——* stretch his rusty Throat,
Who ruins Thousands for a single Groat.
I know thou scorn'st his mean, his sordid Mind;
Nor, with Ideal Debts, would'st plague Mankind.
Madmen alone their empty Dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting Vision true;
They sell the Treasures which their Slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the World in Debt;
If to instruct thee all my Reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this Moral Tale.

THRO'

THRO' fam'd *Moor-fields* extends a spacious Seat,
Where Mortals of exalted Wit retreat;
Where wrap'd in Contemplation, and in Straw,
The wiser few from the mad World withdraw.
There in full Opulence a *Banker* dwell,
Who all the Joys and Pangs of Riches felt;
His Side-board glitter'd with imagin'd Plate;
And his proud Fancy held a vast Estate.

As on a Time he past the vacant Hours
In raising Piles of Straw, and twisted Bowers;
A *Poet* enter'd of the neighb'ring Cell,
And with fix'd Eye observ'd the Structure well,
A sharpen'd Skew'r cross his bare Shoulders bound
A tatter'd Rug, which dragg'd upon the Ground.

THE *Banker* cry'd: "Behold my Castle Walls,
" My Statues, Gardens, Fountains, and Canals;
" With Land of twenty Acres round!
" All these I sell thee for Ten thousand Pound.

THE *Bard* with Wonder the cheap Purchase saw,
So sign'd the Contract (as ordains the Law.)

THE *Banker's* Brain was cool'd, the Mist grew
clear;

The visionary Scene was lost in Air.
He now the vanish'd Prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancy'd Bargain was not good:
Yet loth the Sum intire should be destroy'd;
" Give me a Penny, and thy Contract's void.

THE startled Bard, with Eye indignant, frown'd.
 " Shall I, ye Gods (he cries) my Debts compound !"
 So saying, from his Rug the Skew'r he takes :
 And on the Stick ten equal Notches makes :
 With just Resentment flings it on the Ground ;
 " There, take my Tally of Ten thousand Pound.

The SOUTH-SEA 1721.

YE wise Philosophers ! explain
 What Magic makes our Money rise,
 When dropt into the Southern Main ;
 Or do these Jugglers cheat our Eyes ?
 Put in your Money fairly told ;
Presto be gone — 'Tis here agen ;
 Ladies and Gentlemen, behold,
 Here's ev'ry Piece as big as ten.
 Thus in a Bason drop a Shilling,
 Then fill the Vessel to the Brim ;
 You shall observe, as you are filling,
 The pond'rous Metal seems to swim ;
 It rises both in Bulk and Height,
 Behold it swelling like a Sop !
 The liquid Medium cheats your Sight,
 Behold it mounted to the Top !

In Stock Three hundred thousand Pound;

I have in View a Lord's Estate:

My Manors all contiguous round;

A Coach and Six, and serv'd in Plate.

Thus the deluded Bankrupt raves,

Puts all upon a desp'rate Bett;

Then plunges in the Southern Waves,

Dipt over Head and Bars—in Debt.

So, by a Calenture misled,

The Mariner with Rapture sees

On the smooth Ocean's azure Bed

Enamel'd Fields, and verdant Trees;

With eager Haste he longs to rove

In that Fantastick Scene, and thinks

It must be some enchanted Grove;

And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

Two hundred Chariots just bespoke,

Are sunk in these devouring Waves,

The Horses drown'd, the Harness broke,

And here the Owners find their Graves.

Like Pharaoh, by Directors led,

They, with their Spoils, went safe before;

His Chariots, tumbling out the Dead,

Lay shatter'd on the Red-Sea Shore.

Rais'd up on Hope's aspiring Plumes,

The young Advent'rer o'er the Deep,

An Eagle's Flight and State assumes,
And scorns the middle Way to keep.

On Paper Wings he takes his Flight,
With *Wax* the Father bound them fast;
The *Wax* is melted by the Height,
And down the tow'ring Boy is cast.

His *Wings* are his *Paternal Rent*,
He melts his *Wax* at ev'ry Flame;
His Credit sunk, his Money spent,
In Southern Seas he leaves his Name.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
Why in your dang'rous Gulph profound,
Where Hundreds, and where Thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *Wise* are drown'd?

So have I seen from *Severn's* Brink
A Flock of *Geese* jump down together;
Swim where the Bird of *Jove* would sink,
And swimming, never wet a Feather.

One Fool may from another win,
And then get off with Money stor'd;
But if a *Sharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the Board.

As Fishes on each other prey,
The Great Ones swallowing up the Small;
So fares it in the *Southern Sea*;
The Whale, *Directors* eat up all.

When

When *Stock* is high, they come between,
Making by second-hand their Offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a Million in his Coffers.

So when upon a Moon-shine Night
An *Afs* was drinking at a Stream;
A Cloud arose, and stopt the Light,
By intercepting ev'ry Beam:

The Day of Judgment will be soon,
(Cries out a Sage among the Crowd;)
An *Afs* hath swallow'd up the Moon:
The Moon lay safe behind the Cloud.

Each poor *Subscriber* to the Sea,
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their Fall is but a Trick to rise.

So Fishes rising from the Main,
Can soar with moisten'd Wings on high;
The Moisture dry'd, they sink again,
And dip their Fins again to fly.

Undone at Play, the Female Troops
Come here their Losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the Waves in spacious Hopes,
Like *Lapland* Witches in a Sieve.

Thus *Venus* to the Sea descends,
As Poets feign; but where's the Moral?

It shews the Queen of Love intends
To search the Deep for Pearl and Coral.

A Shilling in the *Bath* you fling,
The Silver takes a nobler Hue,
By Magic Virtue in the Spring,
And seems a Guinea to your View;

But as a Guinea will not pass
At Market for a Farthing more,
Shewn thro' a multiplying Glass,
Than what it always did before:

So cast it in the *Southern Seas*,
And view it thro' a *Jobber's Bill*;
Put on what Spectacles you please,
Your Guinea's but a Guinea still.

One Night a Fool into a Brook,
Thus from a Hillock looking down,
The *Golden Stars* for Guineas took,
And *Silver Cynthia* for a Crown.

The Point he could no longer doubt,
He ran, he leapt into a Flood:
There sprawl'd awhile, and scarce got but,
All cover'd o'er with Slime and Mud.

Upon the Water cast thy Bread,
And after many Days thou'lt find it;
But Gold upon this Ocean spread,
Shall sink, and leave no Mark behind it.

There

There is a Gulph where Thousands fell,
Here all the bold Advent'ers came,
A narrow Sound, tho' deep as Hell,
'Change-Alley is the dreadful Name.

Nine Times a Day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the Surface lies,
Without a Pilot, seldom knows
The Time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

¹ Now bury'd in the Depth below,
Now mounted up to Heav'n agen,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their Wits End, like drunken Men.

Mean Time secure on ² Garr'way Cliffs,
A Savage Race by Shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd Skiffs,
And strip the Bodies of the Dead.

While some build Castles in the Air,
Directors build them in the Seas;
Subscribers plainly see 'em there,
For Fools will see as wise Men please.

Thus oft by Mariners are shewn,
(Unless the Men of Kent are Liars)
Earl Godwin's Castles overflown,
And Palace-Roofs, and Steeple-Spires.

¹ Psalm cvii. ² Coffee-House in 'Change-Alley.

Mark where the sly *Directors* creep,

Nor to the Shore approach too nigh!

The Monsters nestle in the deep,

To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the Dogs of *Nile*, be wise,

Who taught by Instinct how to shun

The Crocodile, that lurking lies,

Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by Magic Charms,

Recover Strength whene'er he fell;

Alcides held him in his Arms,

And sent him up in Air to Hell.

Directors thrown into the Sea,

Recover Strength and Vigour there;

But may be tam'd another Way,

Suspended for awhile in Air.

Oh! may some *Western* Tempest sweep

These *Locusts* whom our Fruits have fed,

That plague *Directors*, to the Deep,

Driv'n from the *South-Sea* to the *Red*.

May he, whom Nature's Laws obey,

Who lifts the Poor, and sinks the Proud,

Quiet the Raging of the Sea,

And still the Madness of the Crowd.

But never shall our Isle have Rest,

Till these devouring *Savine* run down,

(The

A Ballad on QUADRILLE.

153

(The Devils leaving the Possess,)

And headlong in the Waters drown.

The Nation then too late will find,

Computing all their Cost and Trouble,

Directors Promises but Wind,

South-Sea at best a Mighty Bubble.

Apparent rari nantes in Gurgite vasto,

Arma virum, tabulaeque, & Troia gaza per undas.

Virg.

* *A BALLAD on QUADRILLE.*

WHEN as Corruption hence did go,

And left the Nation free ;

When *Ay* said *Ay*, and *No* said *No*,

Without a Place or Fee ;

Then *Satan*, thinking Things went ill,

Sent forth his Spirit call'd *Quadrille*,

Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

II.

Kings, Queens, and Knaves made up his Pack,

And four fair Suits he wore ;

His Troops they are with red and black

All blotch'd and spotted o'er ;

And ev'ry Hou'e, go where you will,

Is haunted by the Imp *Quadrille, &c.*

III. Sure

III.

Sure Cards he has for ev'ry Thing,
Which well Court-Cards they name,
And Statesmen like, calls in the King,
To help out a bad Game;
But if the Parties manage ill,
The King is forc'd to lose *Codille*, &c.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in *Cupid's* Books enroll'd,
And call'd a *Party Quarree*;
But now meet when and where you will,
A *Party Quarree* is *Quadrille*, &c.

V.

The Commoner, and Knight, the Peer,
Men of all Ranks and Fame,
Leave to their Wives the only Care
To propagate their Name;
And well that Duty they fulfil,
When the good Husband's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VI.

When Patients lie in piteous Case,
In comes th' *Apothecary*;
And to the Doctor cries, *Alas!*
Non debes Quadrillare:
The Patient dies without a Pill,
For why? the Doctor's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VII. Should

VII.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,
The *Muscovite* grow louder;
Britain to curb her Neighbours proud,
Would want both Ball and Powder;
Must want both Sword and Gun to kill;
For why, the Gen'ral's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VIII.

The King of late drew forth his Sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in Wrath)
And made of many a Squire and Lord,
An unwash'd Knight of *Bath*;
What are their Feats of Arms and Skill?
They're but nine Parties at *Quadrille*, &c.

IX.

A Party late at *Cambray* met,
Which drew all *Europe's* Eyes;
'Twas call'd in *Post-Boy* and *Gazette*
The *Quadruple Allies*;
But somebody took something ill,
So broke this Party at *Quadrille*, &c.

X.

And now, God save this noble Realm,
And God save eke *Hanover*;
And God save those who hold the Helm,
When as the King goes over;
But let the King go where he will,
His Subjects must play at *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

* **MOLLY MOGG: Or, The Fair
Maid of the Inn.**

SAYS my Uncle, I pray you discover
What hath been the Cause of your Woes;
Why you pine, and you whine, like a Lover!
I have seen *Molly Mogg* of the *Rose*.

O Nephew! your Grief is but Folly,
In Town you may find better Prog;
Half a Crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mogg*.

I know that by Wits 'tis recited,
That Women at best are a Clog:
But I'm not so easily frightened,
From loving of sweet *Molly Mogg*.

The School-Boy's Desire is a Play-Day,
The School-Master's Joy is to flog:
The Milk-Maid's Delight is on *May Day*,
But mine is on sweet *Molly Mogg*.

Will-a-whisp leads the Trav'ler a gadding
Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire, and Bog;
But no Light can set me a madding,
Like the Eyes of my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

For

For Guineas in other Mens Breeches
 Your Gamesters will palm and will cog;
 But I envy them none of their Riches;
 So I may win sweet *Molly Mogg*.

The Heart, when half wounded, is changing,
 It here and there leaps like a Frog;
 But my Heart can never be ranging,
 'Tis so fix'd upon sweet *Molly Mogg*.

Who follows all Ladies of Pleasure,
 In Pleasure is thought but a Hog;
 All the Sex cannot give so good Measure
 Of Joys, as my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

I feel I'm in Love to Distraction,
 My Senses all lost in a Fog;
 And nothing can give Satisfaction
 But thinking of sweet *Molly Mogg*.

A Letter when I am inditing,
 Comes *Cupid* and gives me a Jog,
 And I fill all the Paper with writing
 Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mogg*.

If I would not give up the three *Graces*
 I wish I were hang'd like a Dog,
 And at Court all the Drawing-Room Faces,
 For a Glance of my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

Those

Those Faces want Nature and Spirit,
 And seem as cut out of a Log,
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's Merit
 Unite in my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

Those who toast all the Family Royal,
 In Bumpers of *Hogan and Nog*,
 Have Hearts not more true or more loyal
 Than mine to my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
 And writing another Eclogue;
 Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
 He'd give up for sweet *Molly Mogg*.

When she smiles on each Guest, like her Liquor,
 Then Jealousy sets me agog,
 To be sure she's a Bit for the *Vicar*,
 And so I shall lose *Molly Mogg*.

* *A new Song of new SIMILES.*

MY Passion is as Mustard strong;
 I sit all sober sad,
 Drunk as a Piper all Day long,
 Or, like a *March Hare*, mad.

Round

Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For tho' as drunk as David's Sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a Pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a Cucumber could see
The rest of Womankind.

Like a stuck Pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,
Sleek as a Mouse before.

Plump as a Partridge was I known,
And soft as Silk my Skin;
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown:
But as a Groat now thin!

I melancholly as a Cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a Top can sleep.

Hard is her Heart as Flint or Stone,
She laughs to see me pale,
And merry as a Grig is grown,
And brisk as Bottled-Ale.

The

The God of Love, at her Approach,
 Is busy as a Bee,
 Hearts sound as any Bell or Roach,
 Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ay me, as thick as Hops or Hail,
 The fine Men crowd about her;
 But soon as dead as a Door-Nail
 Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my Leg her Shape appears;
 O were we join'd together!
 My Heart would be scot-free from Cares,
 And lighter than a Feather.

As fine as Five-pence is her Mien,
 No Drum was ever tighter;
 Her Glance is as the Razor keen,
 And not the Sun is brighter.

As soft as Pap her Kisses are,
 Methinks I taste them yet;
 Brown as a Berry is her Hair,
 Her Eyes as black as Jet:

As smooth as Glass, as white as Curds,
 Her pretty Hand invites:
 Sharp as a Needle are her Words,
 Her Wit, like Pepper, bites.

Brisk

Brisk as a Body-Louse she trips,

Clean as a Penny drest ;

Sweet as a Rose her Breath and Lips,

Round as the Globe her Breast,

Full as an Egg was I with Glee,

And happy as a King ;

Good Lord ! how all Men envy'd me !

She lov'd like any Thing.

But false as Hell, she like the Wind,

Chang'd, as her Sex must do ;

Tho' seeming as the Turtle kind,

And like the Gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,

Let who would take *Peru* !

Great as an Emp'ror should I be,

And richer than a *Jew*.

'Till you grow tender as a Chick,

I'm dull as any Post ;

Let us, like Burs, together stick,

And warm as any Toast.

You'll know me truer than a Dye,

And wish me better Sped ;

Flat as a Flounder when I lie,

And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun, she'll drop a Tear,
 And sigh perhaps, and wish,
 When I am rotten as a Pear,
 And mute as any Fish.

* Newgate's GARLAND: *Being a new Ballad, shewing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's Throat was cut from Ear to Ear with a Penknife, by Mr. Blake, alias Blueskin, the bold Highwayman, as he stood at his Trial in the Old Baily, 1725.*

To the Tune of the Cut-Purse.

YE Gallants of Newgate, whose Fingers are nice,
 In diving in Pockets, or cogging of Dice;
 Ye Sharpers so rich, who can buy off the Noose,
 Ye honest poor Rogues, who die in your Shoes,
 Attend and draw near,
 Good News ye shall hear,
 How *Jonatban's* Throat was cut from Ear to Ear,
 How *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,
 And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

II. When

II.

When to the *Old Baily* this *Blue-skin* was led,
 He held up his Hand, his Indictment was read,
 Loud rattled his Chains, near him *Jonathan* stood,
 For full Forty Pounds was the Price of his Blood.

Then hopeless of Life,

He drew his Penknife,

And made a sad Widow of *Jonathan's* Wife,
 But Forty Pounds paid her, her Grief shall appease,
 And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

III.

Some say there are Courtiers of highest Renown,
 Who steal the King's Gold, and leave him but a
Crown;

Some say there are Peers, and some Parliament Men,
 Who meet once a Year to rob Courtiers agen :

Let them all take their Swing,

To pillage the King,

And get a blue Ribbon instead of a String.

Now *Blue-skin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,
 And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide Guilt by their cunning In-
 ventions,

Call'd Briberies Grants, and plain Robberies Pensions,
 Physicians and Lawyers (who take their Degrees)
 To be Learned Rogues (call their Pilfering Fees ;)

Since this happy Day,

Now ev'ry Man may

Rob (as safe as in Office) upon the Highway.

For *Blue-skin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,

And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the Customs, some rob the Excise,

But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.

Church-wardens, too prudent to hazard the Halter,

As yet only venture to steal from the Altar:

But now to get Gold,

They may be more bold,

And rob on the Highway, since *Jonathan's* cold.

For *Blue-skin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,

And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

VI.

Some by publick Revenues, which pass'd thro' their
Hands,

Have purchas'd clean Houses, and bought dirty
Lands.

Some to steal from a Charity think it no Sin,

Which at Home (says the Proverb does always
begin ;)

But, if ever you be

Assign'd a Trustee,

Treat not Orphans like Masters of the Chancery,

But take the Highway, and more honestly seize,

For ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

VII. What

VII.

What a Pother has here been with *Wood* and his
Brass,

Who would modestly make a few Half-pennies pass?
The Patent is good, and the Precedent's old,
For *Diomed* chang'd his Copper for Gold:

But, if *Ireland* despise

The new Half-pennies,

With more Safety to rob on the Road I advise,
For *Blue-skin's* sharp Penknife hath set thee at Ease;
And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

PROMETHEUS. *On Wood the
Patentee's Irish Half-Pence.*

WHEN first the Squire and Tinker, *Wood*,
Gravely consulting *Ireland's* Good,
Together mingled in a Mass
Smith's Dust, and Copper, Lead and Brass;
The Mixture thus by Chymick Art
United close in every Part,
In Fillets roll'd, or cut in Pieces,
Appear'd like one continu'd Species;

And by the forming Engine struck,
On all the same Impression stuck.

So to confound this *bated Coin*,
All *Parties* and *Religions* join.

Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French unite,
With *equal Int'rest, equal Spight*;

Together mingled in a Lump,

Do all in *One Opinion* jump;

And ev'ry one begins to find

The same Impression on his Mind.

A STRANGE Event! whom *Gold* invites,

To Blood and Quarrels, *Brass* unites;

So *Goldsmiths* say, the coarsest Stuff

Will serve for *Solder* well enough:

So, by the *Kettle's* loud Alarm,

The *Bees* are gather'd to a Swarm:

So, by the *Brazen Trumpet's* Bluster,

Troops of all Tongues and Nations muster:

And so the *Harp of Ireland* brings

Whole *Crowds* about its *brazen Strings*.

II.

THERE is a Chain let down from *Jove*,

But fasten'd to his Throne above;

So strong, that from the lower End,

They say, all human Things depend:

This

This Chain, as ancient Poets hold,
 When *Jove* was young, was made of *Gold*;
Prometheus once this Chain purloin'd;
 Dissolv'd, and into *Money* coin'd;
 Then whips me on a Chain of *Brass*;
 (*Venus* was brib'd to let it pass.)

Now while this brazen Chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all Devotion fail'd;
 No Temple to his Godship rais'd;
 No Sacrifice on Altars blaz'd;
 In short, such dire Confusion follow'd,
 Earth must have been in Chaos swallow'd:
Jove stood amaz'd, but looking round,
 With much ado, the Cheat he found;
 'Twas plain he could no longer hold
 The World in any Chain but *Gold*;
 And to the God of Wealth, his Brother,
 Sent *Mercury* to get another.

III.

PROMETHEUS on the Rock is laid,
 Ty'd with the Chain himself had made,
 On Icy *Caucasus* to shiver,
 While Vultures eat his growing Liver.

YE Pow'rs of *Grubstreet* make me able,
 Discreetly to apply this Fable;
 Say, who is to be understood
 By that old Thief *Prometheus*: *WOOD*.

168 STREPHON and FLAVIA.

For *Jove*, it is not hard to guess him,
 I mean his M——, *God blefs him*.
 This Thief and Blacksmith was so bold,
 He strove to steal that Chain of Gold,
 (Which links the Subject to the King)
 And change it for a brazen String:
 But sure, if nothing else must pass
 Between the King and us, but Brass,
 Altho' the Chain will never crack,
 Yet our Devotion may grow slack.

But *Jove* will soon convert, I hope,
 This brazen Chain into a Rope;
 With which *Prometheus* shall be ty'd,
 And high in Air for ever ride;
 Where, if we find his Liver grows,
 For want of Vultures we have Crows.

* STREPHON and FLAVIA.

WITH ev'ry Lady in the Land
 Soft *Strephon* kept a Pother,
 One Year he languish'd for one Hand,
 And next Year for the other.
 Yet when his Love the *Shepherd* told
 To *Flavia* fair and coy,
 Reserv'd, demure, than Snow more cold,
 She scorn'd the gentle Boy.

Late

Late at a Ball he own'd his Pain,
 She blush'd and frown'd, and swore,
 With all the Marks of high Disdain,
 She'd never hear him more.
 The Swain persisted still to pray,
 The Nymph still to deny;
 At last she vow'd she would not stay;
 He swore she should not fly.
 Enrag'd, she call'd her Footman strait,
 And rush'd from out the Room,
 Drove to her Lodging, lock'd the Gate,
 And lay with *Ralph* at Home.

C O R I N N A.

THIS Day (the Year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the Midwife's Part,
 Into the World *Corinna* fell,
 And he endow'd her with his Art,
 But *Cupid* with a *Satyr* comes;
 Both softly to the Cradle creep;
 Both stroke her Hands, and rub her Gums,
 While the poor Child lay fast asleep.
 Then *Cupid* thus; This little Maid
 Of Love shall always speak and write;
 And I pronounce (the *Satyr* said)
 The World shall feel her scratch and bite.

Her

Her Talent she display'd betimes;
 For in twice twelve revolving Moons
 She seem'd to laugh and squawl in Rhimes,
 And all her Gestures were Lampoons.
 At six Years old the subtle Jade
 Stole to the Pantry-Door, and found
 The Butler with my Lady's Maid,
 And you may swear the Tale went round.
 She made a Song, how little Miss
 Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a Lad;
 And how, when Master went to p—,
 Miss came and peep'd at all he had.
 At Twelve a Wit and a Coquette,
 Marries for Love, half Whore, half Wife;
 Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in Debt;
 Turns Auth'refs, and is *Curl's* for Life.
 Her Common-Place-Book all gallant is,
 Of Scandal now a *Cornucopia*;
 She pours it out in an *Atalantis*,
 Or *Memoirs of the New Utopia*.

* *The QUIDNUNCKI'S: A TALE
Occasion'd by the Death of the Duke
Regent of France.*

HOW vain are mortal Man's Endeavours;
(Said, at ' Dame Ellen's, Master T——)
Good Orleans dead ! in Truth 'tis hard :
Oh ! may all Statesmen die prepar'd !
I do foresee (and for foreseeing
He equals any Man in Being)
The Army ne'er can be disbanded.
—— I wish the King were safely landed.
Ah Friends ! great Changes threat the Land !
All France and England at a Stand !
There's Meroweis—— mark ! strange Work !
And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk——
The Pope—— An India-Merchant by,
Cut short the Speech with this Reply :
ALL at a Stand ? You see great Changes ?
Ah, Sir ! you never saw the Ganges.
There dwell the Nations of Quidnunki's,
(So Monomotapa calls Monkies :
On either Bank, from Bough to Bough,
They meet and chat, as we may now.)

* Coffee-House near St. James's.

Whispers

Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,
 They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug;
 And, just as Chance or Whim provoke them,
 They either bite their Friends, or stroke them.

THERE have I seen some active Prig,
 To shew his Parts, bestride a Twig:
 Lord! how the chatt'ring Tribe admire,
 Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:
 All long to try the vent'rous Thing,
 (For Pow'r is but to have one's Swing.)
 From Side to Side he springs, he spurns,
 And bangs his Foes and Friends by Turns.
 Thus, as in giddy Freaks he bounces,
 Crack goes the Twig, and in he flounces!
 Down the swift Stream the Wretch is born;
 Never, ah never, to return!

Z——ds! What a Fall had our dear Brother;
Morbleu! cries one, and *Damme,* t'other.
 The Nation gives a gen'ral Screech,
 None cocks his Tail, none claws his Breech;
 Each trembles for the public Weal,
 And, for a while, forgets to steal.

A WHILE, all Eyes intent and stiddy,
 Pursue him, whirling down the Eddy.
 But out of Mind when out of View,
 Some other mounts the Twig a-new;
 And Bus'ness, on each Monkey Shore,
 Runs the same Track it went before.

* *AY* and *NO*: A FABLE.

IN Fable all Things hold Discourse:
Then *Words*, no doubt, must talk of Course.

ONCE on a Time, near *Channel-Row*,
Two hostile Adverbs, *Ay* and *No*,
Were hast'ning to the Field of Fight,
And Front to Front stood opposite.
Before each Gen'ral join'd the Van;
Ay, the more courteous Knight, began.

STOP, peevish Particle, beware!
I'm told you are not such a Bear,
But sometime *yield*, when *offer'd fair*,
Suffer yon' Folks awhile to tattle;
'Tis we who must decide the Battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder Stage,
With various Fate, and equal Rage,
The Nation trembles at each Blow,
That *No* gives *Ay*, and *Ay* gives *No*:
Yet in expensive long Contention,
We gain nor Office, Grant, or Pension.
Why then should *Kinsfolks* quarrel thus?
(For *Two* of *You* make *One* of *Us*,)
To some wise Statesman let us go,
Where each his *proper Use* may know.
He may admit two such Commanders,
And make those wait who serv'd in *Flanders*.

Let's

Let's quarter on a Great-Man's Tongue,
A Treasury Lord, not Master Y—g.
Obsequious at his high Command,

Ay shall march forth to tax the Land.

Impeachments No can best resist,

And Ay support the Civil List :

Ay! quick as *Cæsar* wins the Day ;

And No, like *Fabius*, by Delay.

Sometimes in mutual fly Disguise,

Let Ay's seem No's, and No's seem Ay's ;

Ay's be in Courts Denials meant,

And No's in Bishops give Consent.

Thus, Ay propos'd—And, for Reply,

No, for the first Time, answer'd Ay.

They parted with a thousand Kisses,

And fight e'er since, for Pay, like *Swissers*.

PHYLLIS:

PHYLLIS: Or, *the Progress of Love.*

DEsponding *Phyllis* was endu'd
 With ev'ry Tallent of a Prude:
 She trembled when a Man drew near;
 Salute her, and she turn'd her Ear;
 If o'er against her you were plac'd,
 She durst not look above your Waist:
 She'd rather take you to her Bed,
 Than let you see her dress her Head:
 In Church you hear her, thro' the Crowd,
 Repeat the *Absolution* loud;
 In Church, secure behind her Fan,
 She durst behold, that Monster, *Man*:
 There practis'd how to place her Head,
 And bit her Lips to make them red;
 Or, on the Mat devoutly kneeling,
 Would lift her Eyes up to the Cieling,
 And heave her Bosom, unaware,
 For neighb'ring Beaux to see it bare.
 At length, a lucky Lover came,
 And found Admittance to the Dame,
 Suppose all Parties now agreed,
 The Writings drawn, the Lawyer fee'd,
 The Vicar and the Ring bespoke;
 Guess, how could such a Match be broke?
 See, then, what Mortals place their Bliss in!
 Next Morn, betimes, the Bride was missing.

The

The Mother scream'd, the Father chid;
 Where can this idle Wench be hid?
 No News of *Phyl*! The Bridegroom came,
 And thought his Bride had sculk'd for Shame;
 Because her Father us'd to say
 The Girl *had such a bashful Way*.

Now *John* the Butler must be sent
 To learn the Road that *Phyllis* went.
 The Groom was with'd to saddle *Crop*;
 For *John* must neither light nor stop,
 But find her where'soe'er she fled,
 And bring her back Alive or Dead.

SEE here again the Devil to do;
 For, truly, *John* was missing too;
 The Horse and Pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with *John*.

OLD Madam, who went up to find
 What Papers *Phyl* had left behind,
 A Letter on the Toilet sees,
 To my much Honour'd Father——*These*.

("Tis always done, Romances tell us,
 When Daughters run away with Fellows)
 Fill'd with the choicest Common-Places,
 By others us'd in the like Cases!

" That, long ago, a *Fortune-Teller*

" Exactly said what now befel her;

" And in a *Glass* had made her see

" A *Servant-Man* of low Degree.

" It

- " It was *her Fate*, must be forgiven,
 " For *Marriages were made in Heaven*;
 " His Pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
 " She'd do't, if 'twere to do again,
 " Thank'd God, 'twas *neither Shame nor Sin*,
 " For *John* was come of *honest Kin*,
 " Love never thinks of Rich and Poor,
 " She'd beg with *John* from Door to Door.
 " Forgive her, if it be a Crime,
 " She'll never do't another Time.
 " She ne'er before in all her Life
 " Once disobey'd him, *Maid or Wife*.
 " One Argument she summ'd up all in,
 " The Thing was done, and past recalling;
 " And therefore hop'd she should recover
 " His Favour when his *Passion's over*!
 " She valu'd not what others thought her,
 " And was—his *most obedient Daughter*."

FAIR Maidens all, attend the Muse,
 Who now the wand'ring Pair pursues.
 Away they rode in homely sort,
 Their Journey long, their Money short;
 The loving Couple well bemir'd;
 The Horse and both the Riders tir'd;
 Their Victuals bad, their Lodging worse;
Phyl cry'd, and *John* began to curse;
Phyl wish'd, that she had strain'd a Limb.
 When first she ventur'd out with him.

John wish'd, that he had broke a Leg,
When first for her he quitted *Peg*.

BUT what Adventures more beset 'em.
The Muse hath now no Time to tell 'em,
How *Johnny* wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till *Phyllis* all her Trinkets pawn'd:
How oft she broke her Marriage Vows,
In Kindness to maintain her Spouse.
Till Swains unwholsome spoil'd the Trad
For now the Surgeons must be paid,
To whom those Perquisites are gone,
In Christian Justice due to *John*.

WHEN Food and Raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a Period to the Farce,
And with exact Poetick Justice:
For *John* is Landlord, *Phyllis* Hostess:
They keep, at *Staines*, the *Old-Blue-Boar*,
Are Cat and Dog, and Rogue and Whore.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE Farmer's Goose, who in the Stubble
Has fed without Restraint, or Trouble;
Grown fat with Corn, and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the Barn-Door Sill;
And hardly waddles forth, to cool
Her Belly in the neighbouring Pool:
Nor loudly cackles at the Door;
For Cackling shews the Goose is poor.

BUT when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren Common strays,
Hard Exercise, and harder Fare,
Soon make my Dame grow lank and spare;
Her Body light, she tries her Wings,
And scorns the Ground, and upward springs,
While all the Parish, as she flies,
Hear Sounds Harmonious from the Skies.

SUCH is the Poet, fresh in Pay,
(The third Night's Profits of his Play;)
His Morning-Draughts 'till Noon can swill,
Among his Brethren of the Quill:
With good Roast Beef his Belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull.
Deep sunk in Plenty, and Delight,
What Poet e'er could take his Flight?

Or stuff'd with Phlegm up to the Throat,
What Poet e'er could sing a Note;
Nor *Pegasus* could bear the Load,
Along the high celestial Road;
The Steed, oppress'd, would break his Girth,
To raise the Lumber from the Earth.

BUT, view him in another Scene,
When all his Drink is *Hippocrene*,
His Money spent, his Patrons fail,
His Credit out for Cheese and Ale:
His Two Years Coat so smooth and bare,
Through ev'ry Thread it lets in Air;
With hungry Meals his Body pin'd,
His Guts and Belly full of Wind;
And like a Jockey for a Race,
His Flesh brought down to Flying-Case:
Now his exalted Spirit loaths
Incumbrances of Food and Cloaths:
And up he rises, like a Vapour,
Supported high on Wings of Paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all *Grubstreet* rings.

The Progress of BEAUTY.

WHEN first *Diana* leaves her Bed,
 Vapours and Steams her Looks disgrace,
 A frowzy dirty-colour'd Red
 Sits on her cloudy wrinkled Face;
 But, by Degrees, when mounted high,
 Her artificial Face appears,
 Down from her Window in the Sky,
 Her Spots are gone, her Visage clears.
 'Twixt earthly Females and the Moon,
 All Parallels exactly run;
 If *Celia* should appear too soon,
 Alas, the Nymph would be undone!
 To see her from her Pillow rise,
 All reeking in a cloudy Steam,
 Crack'd Lips, foul Teeth, and gummy Eyes,
 Poor *Strepson*, how would he blaspheme;
 Three Colours, Black, and Red, and White,
 So graceful in their proper Place,
 Remove them to a diff'rent Light,
 They form a frightful hideous Face:
 For Instance, when the Lilly skips
 Into the Precincts of the Rose,
 And takes Possession of the Lips,
 Leaving the Purple to the Nose.

So *Celia* went entire to Bed,
 All her Complexion safe and sound;
 But, when she rose, White, Black, and Red,
 Tho' still in Sight, had chang'd their Ground.
 The Black, which would not be confin'd,
 A more inferior Station seeks,
 Leaving the fiery Red behind,
 And mingles in her muddy Cheeks.
 But *Celia* can with Ease reduce,
 By Help of Pencil, Paint, and Brush,
 Each Colour to its Place and Use,
 And teach her Cheeks again to blush.
 She knows her early self no more;
 But, fill'd with Admiration, stands,
 As other Painters oft adore
 The Workmanship of their own Hands.
 Thus, after four important Hours,
Celia's the Wonder of her Sex:
 Say, which among the Heav'nly Pow'rs
 Could cause such marvellous Effects?
Venus, indulgent to her Kind,
 Gave Women all their Hearts could wish,
 When first he taught them where to find
 White Lead and ¹ *Lusitanian* Dish.

¹ *Portugal.*

Love with White-Lead cements his Wings;
White-Lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly Things,
A Lady's Face, and *China* Ware.
She ventures now to lift the Sam,
The Window is her proper Sphere:
Ah lovely Nymph! be not too rash,
Nor let the Beaux approach too near:
Take Pattern by your *Sister* Star,
Delude at once, and bless our Sight,
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly chuse to shine by Night.
But Art no longer can prevail,
When the Materials all are gone;
The best Mechanick Hand must fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.
Matter, as wise Logicians say,
Cannot without a *Form* subsist;
And *Form*, say I, as well as they,
Must fail, if *Matter* brings no Grist.
And this is fair *Diana's* Case;
For all Astrologers maintain
Each Night, a Bit drops off her Face,
When Mortals say she's in her Wane;
While *Partridge* wisely shews the Cause
Efficient of the Moon's Decay,
That *Cancer* with his pois'nous Claws,
Attacks her in the *Milky Way*:

184 *The Progress of BEAUTY.*

But *Gadbury*, in Art profound,
 From her pale Cheeks pretends to shew
 That Swain *Endymion* is not found,
 Or else that *Mercury's* her Foe.
 But let the Cause be what it will,
 In half a Month she looks so thin,
 That *Flamstead* can, with all his Skill,
 See but her Forehead and her Chin.
 Yet, as she waxes, she grows discreet,
 'Till Midnight never shews her Head;
 So rotten *Celia*, strolcs the Street,
 When sober Folks are all a-bed:
 For sure if this be *Luna's* Fate,
 Poor *Celia*, but of mortal Race,
 In vain expects a longer Date,
 To the Materials of her Face.
 When *Mercury* her Tresses mows,
 To think of Black-Lead Combs in vain;
 No Painting can restore a Nose,
 Nor will her *Teeth* return again.
 Ye Pow'rs, who over Love preside!
 Since Mortal Beauties drop so soon,
 If you would have us well supply'd,
 Send us *New* Nymphs with each *New* Moon.

PETHOX the Great.

FROM *Venus* born, thy Beauty shows,
 But who thy Father, no Man knows.
 Nor can the skilful Herald trace,
 The Founder of thy ancient Race,
 Whether thy Temper, full of Fire,
 Discovers *Vulcan* for thy Sire,
 The God who made *Scamander* boil,
 And round the Margin sing'd his Soil,
 (From whence Philosophers agree,
 An equal Pow'r descends to thee.)
 Whether from War's stern God you claim
 The high Descent from whence you came,
 And, as a Proof, shew num'rous Scars,
 By fierce Encounters made in Wars;
 (Those honourable Wounds you bore
 From Head to Foot, and all before)
 And still the bloody Field frequent,
 Familiar in each Leader's Tent.
 Or whether, as the Learn'd contend,
 You from the neighb'ring *Gaul* descend;
 Or from *Parnethope* the proud,
 Where, numberless, thy Vor'ries crowd:
 Whether thy great Forefathers came
 From Realms that bear *Vesputio's* Name;

For

For so Conjectors would obtrude,
 And from thy painted Skin conclude.
 Whether, as *Epicurus* shows,
 The World from jussling Seeds arose,
 Which mingling with prolific Strife;
 In Chaos, kindled into Life;
 So your Production was the same,
 And from contending Atoms came.

THY fair-indulgent Mother crown'd
 Thy Head with sparkling Rubies round;
 Beneath thy decent Steps, the Road
 Is all with precious Jewels strew'd.
 The ² Bird of *Pallas* knows his Post,
 Thee to attend where-e'er thou go'st.

BYZANTIANS boast, that on the Clod
 Where once the *Sultan's* Horse hath trod,
 Grows neither Grass, nor Shrub, nor Tree;
 The same thy Subjects boast of thee.

THE greatest Lord, when you appear,
 Will deign your Livery to wear,
 In all the various Colours seen,
 Of Red and Yellow, Blue and Green.

WITH half a Word, when you require,
 The Man of Business must retire.

THE haughty Minister of State
 With Trembling must thy Leisure wait;

Bubo, the Owl.

And

And while his Fate is in thy Hands,
The Bus'ness of the Nation stands,
Thou dar'st the greatest Prince attack,
Can'st hourly set him on the Rack,
And, as an Instance of thy Pow'r,
Inclose him in a wooden Tow'r,
With pungent Pains on ev'ry Side;
So *Regulus* in Torments dy'd:

FROM thee our Youth all Virtues learn,
Dangers with Prudence to discern;
And well thy Scholars are endu'd
With Temp'rance, and with Fortitude;
With Patience, which all Ills supports,
And Secrecy, the Arts of Courts.

THE glitt'ring Beau could hardly tell,
Without your Aid, to read or spell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a Billet-doux.

WITH what Delight, methinks, I trace
Your Blood in ev'ry Noble Race!
In whom thy Features, Shape, and Mien,
Are to the Life distinctly seen.

THE *Britons*, once a Savage Kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Descendents of the barb'rous *Huns*,
With Limbs robust, and Voice that stuns;
But you have molded them a-fresh,
Remov'd the tough superfluous Flesh,

Taught

Taught them to modulate their Tongues,
And speak without the Help of Lungs.

PROTEUS on you bestow'd the Boon
To change your Visage like the Moon,
So sometimes half a Face produce,
Keep t'other half for private Use.

How fam'd thy Conduct in the Fight,
With *Hermes*, Son of *Pleias* bright.
Out-number'd, half encompass'd round,
You strove for ev'ry Inch of Ground;
Then, by a Soldiery Retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial Seat,
The Victor, when your Steps he trac'd,
Found all the Realms before him waste;
You, o'er the high triumphal Arch
Pontific, made your glorious March;
The wond'rous Arch behind you fell,
And left a Chasm profound as Hell;
You, in your Capitol secur'd,
A Siege as long as *Troy* endur'd.

Mercury.

* *The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch
for the Loss of Grildrig. A PA-
STORAL.*

SOON as *Glumdalclitch* miss'd her pleasing Care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her Hair.
No *British* Miss sincerer Grief has known,
Her Squirrel missing, or her Sparrow flown.
She furl'd her Sampler, and hawl'd in her Thread,
And stuck her Needle into *Grildrig's* Bed ;
Then spread her Hands, and with a Bounce let fall
Her Baby, like the Giant in *Guildball*.
In Peals of Thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing Cow ;
Yet lovely in her Sorrow still appears,
Her Locks deshevell'd, and her Flood of Tears
Seem like the lofty Barn of some rich Swain,
When from the Thatch drips fast a Show'r of Rain.

IN vain she search'd each Cranny of the House,
Each gaping Chink impervious to a Mouse.
" Was it for this (she cry'd) with daily Care
" Within thy Reach I set the Vinegar !
" And fill'd the Cruet with the Acid Tide,
" While Pepper-Water Worms thy Bait supply'd ;
" Where twin'd the Silver Eel around thy Hook,
" And all the little Monsters of the Brook.

" Sure

" Sure in that Lake he dropt ; My *Grilly's* drown'd,

" She dragg'd the Cruet, but no *Grildrig* found,

" VAIN is thy Courage, *Grilly*, vain thy Boast;

" But little Creatures enterprize the most.

" Trembling, I've seen thee dare the Kitten's Paw,

" Nay, mix with Children, as they play'd at Taw,

" Nor fear the Marbles, as they bounding flew ;

" Marbles to them, but rolling Rocks to you!

" WHY did I trust thee with that giddy Youth,

" Who from a *Page* can ever learn the Truth?

" Vers'd in Court Tricks, that Money-loving Boy

" To some Lord's Daughter sold the living Toy,

" Or rent him Limb from Limb in cruel Play,

" As Children tear the Wings of Flies away,

" From Place to Place o'er *Brobdingnag* I'll roam,

" And never will return, or bring thee home,

" But who hath Eyes to trace the passing Wind?

" How then thy fairy Footsteps can I find?

" Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,

" In the green Thicket of a mossy Stone,

" Or tumbled from the Toadstool's slipp'ry Round,

" Perhaps all maim'd, lie growling on the Ground?

" Dost thou, imbosom'd in the lovely Rose,

" Or sunk within the Peach's Down, repose?

" Within the King-cup if thy Limbs are spread,

" Or in the golden Cowslip's Velvet Head:

" Or shew me, *Flora*, midst those Sweets, the Flow'r

" Where sleeps my *Grildrig* in his fragrant Bow'r!

" But

" But ah! I fear thy little Fancy roves,
" On little Females, and on little Loves;
" Thy Pigmy Children, and thy tiny Spouse,
" The Baby Play-things that adorn thy House,
" Doors, Windows, Chimnies, and the spacious Rooms,
" Equal in Size to Cells of Honeycombs,
" Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the Shore,
" Thy Bark a Bean-shell, and a Straw thy Oar?
" Or in thy Box, now bounding on the Main,
" Shall I ne'er bear thy self and House again?
" And shall I set thee on my Hand no more,
To see thee leap the Lines, and traverse o'er
" My spacious Palm? Of Stature scarce a Span,
" Mimick the Actions of a real Man?
" No more behold thee turn my Watch's Key,
" As Seamen at a Capstern Anchors weigh?
" How wert thou wont to walk with cautious Tread,
" A Dish of Tea like Milk-Pail on thy Head?
" How chase the Mite that bore thy Cheese away,
" And keep the rolling Maggot at a Bay?"

SHE said, but broken Accents stopt her Voice,
Soft as the Speaking-Trumpet's mellow Noise:
She sobb'd a Storm, and wip'd her flowing Eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad Suns in misty Skies!
O'squander not thy Grief; those Tears command
To weep upon our Cod in *Newfoundland*:
The plenteous Pickle shall preserve the Fish,
And *Europe* taste thy Sorrows in a Dish.

MARY

* MARY GULLIVER to Captain
LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The Captain, some Time after his Return, being retired to Mr. Symplon's in the Country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late Behaviour, some Estrangement of his Affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly-complaining Epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native Place !

— What, touch me not ? what, shun a Wife's Embrace ?

Have I for this thy tedious Absence borne,
And wak'd, and wish'd whole Nights for thy Return ?
In five long Years I took no second Spouse ;
What Redriff Wife so long hath kept her Vows ?
Your Eyes, your Nose, Inconstancy betray ;
Your Nose you stop, your Eyes you turn away.
'Tis said, that thou should'st cleave unto thy Wife ;
Once thou did'st cleave, and I could cleave for Life.
Hear, and relent ! hark how thy Children moan ;
Be kind at least to these, they are thy own :
Be bold, and count them all ; secure to find
The honest Number that you left behind.

See

See how they pat thee with their pretty Paws :
 Why start you ? are they Snakes ? or have they Claws ?
 Thy Christian Seed, our mutual Flesh and Bone :
 Be kind at least to these, they are thy own.

* *BIDDLE*, like thee, might farthest *India* rove ;
 He chang'd his Country, but retain'd his Love.
 There's Captain * *Pennell*, absent half his Life,
 Comes back, and is the kinder to his Wife.
 Yet *Pennell's* Wife is brown, compar'd to me,
 And Mrs. *Biddle* sure is Fifty-three.

Not touch me ! never Neighbour call'd me Slut ;
 Was *Flinnap's* Dame more sweet in *Lilliput* ?
 I've no red Hair to breathe an odious Fume ;
 At least thy Consort's cleaner than thy Groom.
 Why then that dirty Stable-boy thy Care ?
 What means those Visits to the *Sarrel Mare* ?
 Say, by what Witchcraft, or what Dæmon led,
 Preferr'st thou *Litter* to the Marriage Bed !

SOME say the Devil himself is in that *Mare* :
 If so, our *Dean* shall drive him forth by Pray'r.
 Some think you mad, some think you are possesst,
 That *Bedlam* and clean Straw will suit you best.
 Vain Means, alas, this Frenzy to appease !
 That *Straw*, that *Straw* would heighten the Disease.

* Names of the Sea Captains mentioned in Gulliver's Travels.

My Bed (the Scene of all our former Joys,
 Witness two lovely Girls, two lovely Boys)
 Alone I press; in Dreams I call my Dear,
 I stretch my Hand, no *Gulliver* is there!
 I wake, I rise, and thiv'ring with the Frost,
 Search all the House, my *Gulliver* is lost!
 Forth in the Street I rush with frantic Cries;
 The Windows open, all the Neighbours rise:
Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!

The Neighbours answer, "*With the Sorrel Mare.*"

At early Morn, I to the Market haste,
 (Studious in ev'ry Thing to please thy Taste;)
 A curious *Fowl*, and *Sparagras* I chose,
 (For I remember you were fond of those,)
 Three Shillings cost the first, the last sev'n Groats;
 Sullen you turn from both, and call for Oats.

Others bring Goods and Treasure to their Houses,
 Something to deck their pretty Babes and Spouses;
 My *only* Token was a Cup like Horn,
 That's made of nothing but a Lady's *Corn*.

'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
 The *Groom* and *Sorrel Mare* preferr'd to me!

THESE for some Moments when you deign to quit,
 And (at due Distance) sweet Discourse admit,
 'Tis all my Pleasure thy past Toil to know,
 For pleas'd Remembrance builds Delight on Woe.
 At ev'ry Danger pants thy Consort's Breast,
 And gaping Infants squal to hear the rest.

How

How did I tremble, when by thousands bound,
 I saw thee stretch'd on *Lilliputian* Ground?
 When scaling Armies clim'd up ev'ry Part,
 Each Step they trod, I felt upon my Heart.
 But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful Blaze,
 King, Queen, and Nation, staring with Amaze,
 Full in my View how all my Husband came,
 And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my Flame.
 Those *Spectacles*, ordain'd thine Eyes to save,
 Were once my Present; *Love* that Armour gave.
 How did I mourn at *Balgolam's* Decree!
 For when he sign'd thy Death, he sentenc'd me.

WHEN Folks might see thee all the Country round
 For Six-pence, I'd have giv'n a thousand Pound.
 Lord! when the *Giant-Babe* that Head of thine
 Got in his Mouth, my Heart was up in mine!
 When in the *Marrow-Bone* I see thee ramm'd;
 Or on the House-top by the *Monkey* cramm'd;
 The piteous Images renew my Pain,
 And all thy Dangers I weep o'er again.
 But on the *Maiden's Nipple* when you rid,
 Pray Heav'n, 'twas all a wanton Maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too! — with thee I mourn her Case:
 Heav'n guard the gentle Girl from all Disgrace!
 O may the King that one Neglect forgive,
 And pardon her the Fault by which I live!
 Was there no other Way to set him free!
 My Life, alas! I fear prov'd Death to thee.

O TEACH me, Dear, new Words to speak my
Flame !

Teach me to woo thee by thy best-lov'd Name !
Whether the Style of *Grildrig* please thee most,
So call'd on *Brobdignag's* stupendous Coast,
When on the Monarch's ample Hand you fate,
And hollow'd in his Ear Intrigues of State ;
Or *Quinbus Flestrin* more Endearment brings ;
When like a Mountain you look down on Kings :
If Ducal *Nardac Lilliputian* Peer,
Or *Glumglum's* humbler Title sooth thy Ear :
Nay, would kind *Jove* my Organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious *Houyhnhnm* thro' the Nose,
I'd call thee *Houyhnhnm*, that high sounding Name,
Thy Children's Noses all should twang the same.
So might I find my loving Spouse of Course
Endu'd with all the *Virtues* of a Horse.

* *To QUINBUS FLESTRIN, the
Man-Mountain.*

A Lilliputian Ode.

IN Amaze
Loft, I gaze,
Can our Eyes
Reach thy Size?
May my Lays
Swell with Praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire,
All thy Fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas Head
Propt the Skies:
See! and believe your Eyes.

SEE him stride
Valleys wide,
Over Woods,
Over Floods.
When he treads,
Mountains Heads

A LILLIPUTIAN Ode.

Groan and shake:
 Armies quake:
 Let his Spurn
 Overturn
 Man and Steed,
 Troops take Heed!
 Left and Right,
 Speed your Flight!
 Left an Host
 Beneath his Foot be lost.

TURN'D aside
 From his Hide,
 Safe from Wound
 Darts rebound.
 From his Nose
 Clouds he blows:
 When he speaks,
 Thunder breaks!
 When he eats,
 Famine threats!
 When he drinks,
 Neptune shrinks!
 Nigh thy Ear,
 In mid Air,
 On thy Hand,
 Let me stand;
 So shall I,
 Lofty Poet! touch the Sky.

A Gentle

* *A Gentle ECHO on WOMAN. In the
Dorick Manner.*

Shepherd;

ECHO, I ween, will in the Woods reply,
And quaintly answer Question: Shall I try?

Echo; Try.

Shepherd;

What must we do our Passion to express?

Echo; Press.

Shepherd;

How shall I please her who ne'er lov'd before?

Echo; Before.

Shepherd;

What most moves Women, when we them address?

Echo; A Dress.

Shepherd;

Say what can keep her chaste, whom I adore?

Echo; A Door.

Shepherd;

If Musick softens Rocks, Love tunes my Lyre.

Echo; Lyar.

Shepherd;

Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by her?

Echo; Buy her.

Shepherd;

When bought, no question, I shall be her Dear.

Echo; Her Dear.

Shepherd; But Deer have Horns; how must I keep her under?

Echo; Keep her under.

Shepherd; How shall I hold her ne'er to part asunder?

Echo; A—se under.

Shepherd; But what can glad me when she's laid on Bier?

Echo; Been.

Shepherd; What must I do when Woman will be kind?

Echo; Be kind.

Shepherd; What must I do when Woman will be cross?

Echo; Be cross.

Shepherd; Lord! what is she that can so turn and wind?

Echo; Wind.

Shepherd; If she be Wind, what stills her when she blows?

Echo; Blows.

Shepherd; But if she bang again, still should I bang her?

Echo; Bang her.

Shepherd; Is there no Way to moderate her Anger?

Echo; Hang her.

Shepherd; Thanks, gentle Echo, right thy Answers tell,
What Woman is, and how to guard her well.

Echo; Guard her well.

EPI.

EPilogue to a Play, for the Benefit
of the Weavers in Ireland.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious Age,
When Charity begins to tread the Stage?
When Actors, who at best are hardly Savers,
Will give a Night of Benefit to Weavers?
Stay,—Let me see, how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, from his Grace, a hundred Pound.
Peers, Clergy, Gentry, all are Benefactors;
And then come in the *Item* of the Actors.
Item, the Actors freely give a Day——
The Poet had no more who made the Play.

BUT whence this wond'rous Charity in Play'rs?
They learnt it not at Sermons, or at Pray'rs.
Under the Rose, since here are none but Friends,
(To own the Truth) we have some private Ends;
Since Waiting-women, like exacting Jades,
Hold up the Prices of their old *Brocades*;
We'll dress in *Manufactures* made at home,
Equip our Kings and Gen'als at the Comb.
We'll rig in *Meath-Street*, *Aegypt's* haughty *Queen*
And *Antony* shall court her in *Ratteen*.
In blue *Shalloon* shall *Hannibal* be clad,
And *Scipio* trail an *Irish Purple Plad*.
In *Drugget* drest, of thirteen Pence a Yard,
See *Philip's* Son amidst his *Persian* Guard:

And

And proud *Roxana*, fir'd with jealous Rage,
 With fifty Yards of Crape shall sweep the Stage;
 In short, our Kings and Princesses within,
 Are all resolv'd the Project to begin;
 And you, our Subjects, when you here resort,
 Must imitate the Fashions of the Court.

Oh! could I see this Audience clad in *Stuff*,
 Tho' Money's scarce, we should have Trade enough:
 But *Cbints*, *Brocades*, and *Lace* take all away,
 And scarce a Crown is left to see a Play;
 Perhaps you wonder whence this Friendship springs
 Between the *Weavers*, and us Play-House Kings;
 But Wit and Weaving had the same Beginning:
Pallas first taught us Poetry and Spinning;
 And next observe how this Alliance fits,
 For *Weavers* now are just as poor as Wits;
 Their Brother Quill-men, Workers for the Stage,
 For lorry *Stuff* can get a Crown a Page;
 But *Weavers* will be kinder to the *Players*,
 And sell for Twenty-pence a Yard of theirs,
 And, to your Knowledge, there is often less in
 The *Poet's* Wit, than in the *Player's* Dressing.

E P I T A P H on a MISER.

BENEATH this verdant *Hillock* lies,
Demar, the *Wealthy* and the *Wise*.

His

His *Heirs*, that he might safely rest,
 Have put his *Carcass* in a *Chest*;
 The very *Chest*, in which, they say,
 His *other self*, his *Money*, lay.
 And if his *Heirs* continue kind
 To that dear *Self* he left behind,
 I dare believe, that Four in Five
 Will think his *better Half* alive.

TO STELLA, *who collected and
 transcribed his POEMS.*

AS when a lofty Pile is rais'd,
 We never hear the Workmen prais'd,
 Who bring the Lime, or place the Stones;
 But all admire *Inigo Jones*:
 So if this Pile of scatter'd Rhymes
 Should be approv'd in *After-times*,
 If it both pleases and endures,
 The Merit and the Praise are yours.

THOU, *Stella*, wert no longer young,
 When first for thee my Harp I strung.
 Without one Word of *Cupid's Darts*,
 Of killing Eyes or bleeding Hearts:
 With Friendship and Esteem possess'd,
 I ne'er admitted Love a Guest.

IN all the Habitudes of Life,
 The Friend, the Mistress, and the Wife,
 Variety

Variety we still pursue,
 In Pleasure seek for something new:
 Or else, comparing with the rest,
 Take Comfort, that our own is best;
 The best we value by the worst,
 (As Tradesmen shew their Trash at first:)
 But his Pursuits are at an End,
 Whom *Stella* chuses for a Friend.

A PORTER, starving in a Garret,
 Conning old Topicks like a Parrot,
 Invokes his Mistress and his Muse,
 And stays at Home for want of Shoes,
 Should but his Muse descending drop
 A Slice of Bread and Mutton-Chop,
 Or kindly, when his Credit's out,
 Surprize him with a Pint of Stout,
 Or patch his broken Stockings Soals,
 Or send him in a Peck of Coals;
 Exalted in his mighty Mind
 He flies, and leaves the Stars behind,
 Counts all his Labours amply paid,
 Adores her for the timely Aid.

OR should a Porter make Enquiries
 For *Chloe*, *Sylvia*, *Phyllis*, *Iris*,
 Be told the Lodging, Lane, and Sign,
 The Bow'rs that hold those Nymphs divine;
 Fair *Chloe* would perhaps be found
 With Footmen tippling under Ground,

The

The charming *Sylvia* beating Flax,
Her Shoulders mark'd with bloody Tracks;
Bright *Phyllis* mending ragged Smocks,
And radiant *Iris* in the Pox.

THESE are the Goddesses enroll'd
In *Curll's* Collections, new and old,
Whose scoundrel Fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a Poem.

TRUE Poets can depress and raise;
Are Lords of Infamy and Praise;
They are not scurrilous in Satire,
Nor will in Panegyrick flatter.
Unjustly Poets we asperse:
Truth shines the brighter clad in Verse;
And all the Fictions they pursue,
Do but insinuate what is true.

NOW should my Praises owe their Truth
To Beauty, Dress, or Paint, or Youth,
What Stoics call *without our Pow'r*,
They could not be insur'd an Hour;
'Twere grafting on an annual Stock,
That must our Expectation mock,
And making one luxuriant Shoot,
Die the next Year for want of Root;
Before I could my Verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another Thing.

So *Mævius*, when he drain'd his Skull,
To celebrate some Suburb Trull;

His Similes in Order set,
 And ev'ry Crambo he could get;
 Had gone thro' all the Common-Places,
 Worn out by Wits who rhyme on Faces;
 Before he could his Poem close,
 The lovely Nymph had lost her Nose.

YOUR Virtues safely I commend,
 They on no Accidents depend;
 Let Malice look with all her Eyes,
 She dares not say the Poet lies.

STELLA, when you these Lines transcribe,
 Lest you should take them for a Bribe,
 Resolv'd to mortify your Pride,
 I'll here expose your weaker Side.

YOUR Spirits kindle to a Flame,
 Mov'd with the lightest Touch of Blame;
 And when a Friend in Kindness tries,
 To shew you where your Error lies,
 Conviction does but more incense;
 Perverseness is your whole Defence;
 Truth, Judgment, Wit, give Place to Spite,
 Regardless both of Wrong and Right,
 Your Virtues all suspended, wait
 Till Time hath open'd Reason's Gate;
 And what is worse, your Passion bends
 Its Force against your nearest Friends;
 Which Manners, Decency, and Pride,
 Have taught you from the World to hide;

In

In vain; for see, your Friend hath brought
 To publick Light your only Fault;
 And yet a Fault we often find
 Mix'd in a noble gen'rous Mind;
 And may compare to *Ætna's* Fire,
 Which, tho' with trembling, all admire;
 The Heat that makes the Summit glow,
 Enriching all the Vales below.
 Those who in warmer Climates complain
 From *Phæbus*' Rays they suffer Pain,
 Must own, that Pain is largely paid
 By gen'rous Wines beneath the Shade.

YET when I find your Passions rise,
 And Anger sparkling in your Eyes,
 I grieve those Spirits should be spent,
 For nobler Ends by Nature meant.
 One Passion with a diff'rent Turn,
 Makes Wit inflame, or Anger burn:

So the Sun's Heat, with diff'rent Pow'rs,
 Ripens the Grapes, the Liquors fours.

Thus *Ajax*, when with Rage possess'd
 By *Pallas* breath'd into his Breast,
 His Valour would no more employ,
 Which might alone have conquer'd *Troy*;
 But blinded by Resentment seeks
 For Vengeance on his Friends the *Greeks*.

YOU think this Turbulence of Blood
 From stagnating preserves the Flood:

Which

Which thus fermenting, by Degrees
Exalts the Spirits, sinks the Lees.

STELLA, for once you reason wrong;
For should this Ferment last too long,
By Time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but Acid left behind.
From Passion you may then be freed,
When Peevishness and Spleen succeed.

SAY, *Stella*, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the Text?
Dare you let these Reproaches stand,
And to your Failing set your Hand?
Or if these Lines your Anger fire,
Shall they in baser Flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my Accusation just.

The JOURNAL of a Modern LADY.

IT was a most unfriendly Part,
In you who ought to know my Heart,
So well acquainted with my Zeal
For all the Female Common-weal:
How could it come into your Mind,
To pitch on me, of all Mankind,
Against the Sex to write a Satyr,
And brand me for a Woman-hater?

On

On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival *Venus* to a Hair;
Their Virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learnt to tune a String
Methinks I hear the Ladies cry,
Will he his Character bely?
Must never our Misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only Friend?
Ah, lovely Nymphs, remove your Fears,
No more let fall those precious Tears.
Sooner shall, &c.

[*Here several Verses are omitted.*]

The Hound be hunted by the Hare,
Then I turn Rebel to the Fair.

'T WAS you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the Subject out of Spite.
The *Journal of a Modern Dame*,
Is by my Promise what you claim;
My Word is past, I must submit,
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe, for not a Line
Of all the Satyr shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes
The common Slanders of the Times.
Of modern Times, the Guilt is yours,
And me my Innocence secures:
Unwilling Muse begin thy Lay,
The Annals of a Female Day.

BY Nature turn'd to play the Rake-well,
 (As we shall shew you in the Sequel)
 The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
 Some Authors say, not quite so soon,
 Because, tho' sore against her Will,
 She sat all Night up at *Quadrille*.
 She stretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
 And asks if it be time to rise;
 Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains;
 And then, to cool her heated Brains,
 Her Night-gown and her Slippers brought her,
 Takes a large Dram of Citron-Water.
 Then to her Glass; and "Betty, pray,
 " Don't I look frightfully to Day?
 " But, was it not confounded hard?
 " Well, if I ever touch a Card:
 " Four *Matadores*, and lose *Codill*?
 " Depend upon't, I never will.
 " But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
 " The Ladies here to Night by Six."
 Madam, the Goldsmith waits below:
 He says, his Business is to know
 If you'll redeem the Silver Cup,
 You pawn'd to him!—First shew him up
 Your Dressing Plate, he'll be content
 To take, for Interest *Cent. per Cent.*
 And, Madam, there's my Lady *Spade*
 Hath sent this Letter by her Maid.

VI. Well,

" Well, I remember what she won;
 " And hath she sent so soon to dun?
 " Here, carry down those ten Pistoles
 " My Husband left to pay for Coals:
 " I thank my Stars, they are all light,
 " And I may have Revenge to Night."
 Now loit'ring o'er her Tea and Cream,
 She enters on her usual Theme;
 Her last Night's ill Success repeats,
 Calls Lady Spade a hundred Cheats:
 She slipt Spadillo in her Breast,
 Then thought to turn it to a Jest:
 There's Mrs. C and she combine,
 And to each other give the Sign:
 Through ev'ry Game pursues her Tale,
 Like Hunters o'er their Ev'ning Ale.

No w to another Scene give Place,
 Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace,
 Fresh Matter for a World of Chat,
 Right *Indian* this, right *Macklin* that;
 Observe this Pattern; there's a Staff,
 I can have Customers enough.
 Dear Madam, you are grown so hard,
 This Lace is worth twelve Pounds a Yard;
 Madam, if there be Truth in Man,
 I never fold so cheap a Fan.

THIS Business of Importance o'er,
 And Madam almost dress'd by Four.

The Footman, in his usual Phrase,
Comes up with, Madam, Dinner stays;
She answers, in her usual Style,

"The Cook must keep it back a while;

"I never can have Time to dress,

"No Woman breathing takes up less;

"I'm hurried so, it makes me sick,

"I wish the Dinner at *Old Nick*."

At Table now she acts her Part,

Has all the Dinner-Cant by Heart:

"I thought we were to dine alone,

"My Dear, for sure if I had known

"This Company would come to Day —

"But really 'tis my Spouse's Way;

"He's so unkind, he never sends

"To tell, when he invites his Friends:

"I wish we may but have enough."

And while, with all this paultry Stuff,

She sits tormenting ev'ry Guest,

Nor gives her Tongue one Moment's Rest,

In Phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,

Which modern Ladies call polite;

You see the Booby Husband sit

In Admiration at her Wit.

BUT let me now a while survey

Our Madam o'er her Ev'ning Tea;

Surrounded with her noisy Clans

Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans;

When

When frightened at the clam'rous Crew,
 Away the God of Silence flew.
 And fair *Discretion* left the Place,
 And *Modesty* with blushing Face;
 Now enters over-weeping *Pride*,
 And *Scandal* ever-gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with Frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing Air;
 Rude *Laughter* seeming like to burst,
 And *Malice* always judging worst;
 And *Vanity* with Pocket-Glass,
 And *Impudence* with Front of Brass;
 And studied *Affectation* came,
 Each Limb, and Feature out of Frame,
 While *Ignorance*, with Brain of Lead,
 Flew hov'ring o'er each Female Head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
 An hundred Tongues, as Poets Use,
 When, to give ev'ry Dame her Due,
 An Hundred Thousand were too few!
 Or how should I, alas! relate
 The Sum of all their senseless Prate,
 Their Inuendo's, Hints, and Slanders,
 Their Meanings lewd, and double Entendres:
 Now comes the general Scandal Charge,
 What some invent, the rest enlarge;
 And, "Madam, if it be a Lye,
 "You have the Tale as cheap as I;

" I must conceal my Author's Name,

" But now 'tis known to common Fame."

SAY, foolish Females, old and blind,
Say, by what fatal Turn of Mind,
Are you on Vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest Share?
Thus ev'ry Fool herself deludes;
The Prudes condemn the absent Prudes;
Mopsa, who stinks her Spouse to Death,
Accuses *Chloe's* tainted Breath;
Hircina rank with Sweat, presumes
To censure *Philis* for Perfumes;
While crooked *Cynthia* swearing says,
That *Florimet* wears Iron Stays;
Chloe's of ev'ry Coxcomb jealous,
Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows,
And full of Indignation frets
That Women should be such Coquets:
Iris, for Scandal most notorious,
Cries, " Lord, the World is so censorious!
And *Rufa*, with her Combs of Lead,
Whispers that *Sappho's* Hair is red:
Aura, whose Tongue you hear a Mile hence,
Takes half a Day in Praise of Silence;
And *Sylvia*, full of inward Guilt;
Calls *Amoret* an arrant Jilt.

Now Voices over Voices rise;
While each to be the loudest vies,

They

They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single Tongue one Moment mute;
All mad so speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very Lap-Dog barking;
Their Chattering makes a louder Din
Than Fish-wives o'er a Cup of Gin:
Not School Boys at a Barring-out,
Rais'd ever such incessant Rout:
The jumbling Particles of Matter
In Chaos makes not such a Clatter:
Far less the Rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour Election Ale.

NOR do they trust their Tongue alone,
To speak a Language of their own;
But read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
Far better than a printed Book;
Convey a Libel in a Frown,
And wink a Reputation down;
Or by the tossing of the Fan,
Describe the Lady and the Man.

BUT, see the Female Club disbands,
Each, twenty Visits on her Hands:
Now all alone poor Madam sits,
In Vapours and Hysterick Fits:
"And was not Tom this Morning sent;
"I'd lay my Life he never went:
"Past Six, and not a living Soul!
"I might by this have won a Vole."

A dreadful Interval of Spleen!

How shall we pass the Time between?

"Here *Betty*, let me take my Drops,

"And feel my Pulse, I know it stops:

"This Head of mine, Lord, how it swims!

"And such a Pain in all my Limbs!"

Dear Madam, try to take a Nap—

But now they hear a Foot-man's Rap:

"Go run, and light the Ladies up:

"It must be One before we sup."

THE Table, Cards, and Counters set,

And all the Gamester-Ladies met,

Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quite,

Our Madam can sit up all Night;

"Whoever comes I'm not within"—

Quadrille's the Word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her Aid impart,

Unskill'd in all the Terms of Art?

Or in harmonious Numbers put

The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut?

All the superfluous Whims relate,

That fill a Female Gamester's Pate:

What Agony of Soul she feels

To see a Knave's inverted Heels:

She draws up Card by Card, to find

Good Fortune peeping from behind,

With panting Heart, and earnest Eyes,

In hope to see *Spadillo* rise;

In

In vain, alas ! her Hope is fed ;
 She draws an Ace, and sees it red :
 In ready Counters never pays,
 But pawns her Snuff-box, Rings, and Keys,
 Ever with some new Fancy struck,
 Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck.
 " This Morning when the *Parson* came,
 " I said, I should not win a Game.
 " This odious Chair, how came I stuck in't,
 " I think I never had good Luck in't,
 " I'm so uneasy in my Stays ;
 " Your Fan a Moment, if you please.
 " Stand further, Girl, or get you gone,
 " I always lose when you look on."
 Lord, Madam, you have lost *Codill*;
 I never saw you play so ill.
 " Nay, Madam, give me Leave to say,
 " 'Twas you that threw the Game away ;
 " When Lady *Tricky* play'd a Four,
 " You took it with a *Matadore* ;
 " I saw you touch your Wedding-Rings,
 " Before my Lady call'd a King.
 " You spoke a Word began with H,
 " And I know whom you meant to teach,
 " Because you held the King of Hearts ;
 " Fie, Madam, leave these little Arts."
 That's not so bad as one that rubs
 Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,
 And

And makes her Part'ner understand
A *Matadore* is in her Hand.

"Madam, you have no Cause to flounce,

"I swear, I saw you thrice renounce."

And truly, Madam, I know when,

Instead of Five you scor'd me Ten;

Spadillo here has got a Mark,

A Child may know it in the Dark:

I guess the Hand, it seldom fails,

I wish some Folks would pare their Nails.

WHILE thus they rail, and scold, and storm,

It passes but for common Form;

Most conscious that they all speak true,

And give each other but their Due;

It never interrupts the Game,

Or makes 'em sensible of Shame.

THE Time two precious now to waste,

And Supper gobbled up in haste,

Again afresh to Cards they run,

As if they had but just begun.

Yet shall I not again repeat

How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat;

At last they hear the Watchman knock,

A Frosty Morn'——past Four a-Clock;

The Chairmen are not to be found,

"Come, let us play the rother Round!"

Now, all in haste they huddle on

Their Hoods, their Cloaks, and get them gone;

But

But first the Winner must invite
The Company to-morrow Night.

UNLUCKY Madam left in Tears,
(Who now again *Quadrille* forswears)
With empty Purse, and aching Head,
Steals to her sleeping Spouse to Bed.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

THALIA tell, in sober Lays,
How *George*, *Nim*, *Dan*, *Dean* pass their Days,
Begin, my Muse, First from our Bowers
We issue forth at different Hours;
At seven, the *Dean*, in Night-gown dress,
Goes round the House to wake the rest;
At nine, grave *Nim* and *George* facetious
Go to the *Dean* to read *Laurestius*;
At ten my Lady comes and hectors,
And kisses *George*, and ends our Lectures,
And when she has him by the Neck fast,
Hauls him, and scolds us down to Breakfast.
We squander there an Hour or more,
And then all Hands, Boys, to the Oar,
All, Heterostil *Dan* except,
Who neither Time, nor Order kept,
But by peculiar Whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the Ponds to look for Spawn.

O'ersees

O'ersees the Work, or *Dragon* 's rows,
 Or spoils a Text, or mends his *Hose*;
 Or——but proceed we in our Journal——
 At two, or after, we return all;
 From the four Elements assembling,
 Warn'd by the Bell, all Folks come trembling;
 From airy Garrets some descend,
 Some from the Lake's remotest End:
 My Lord and Dean the Fire for sake,
Dan leaves the Earthly Spade and Rake:
 The Loit'ers quake, no Corner hides them;
 And Lady *Betty* soundly chides them.
 Now Water's brought, and Dinner's done:
 With Church and King the Lady's gone:
 (Not reck'ning half an Hour we pass
 In talking o'er a moderate Glas)
Dan growing drowsy, like a Thief,
 Steals off to dose away his Beef;
 And this must pass for reading *Hammond*——
 While *George* and *Dean* go to Back-Gammon.
George, *Nim*, and *Dean* set out at four,
 And then again, Boys, to the Oar.
 But when the Sun goes to the Deep,
 (Not to disturb him in his Sleep,

My Lord's Boat.

Or

Or make a Rumbling o'er his Head,
 His Candle out, and He a-bed)
 We watch his Motions to a Minute,
 And leave the Flood, when he goes in it.
 Now stinted in the short'ning Day,
 We go to Pray'rs, and then to play:
 Till Supper comes, and after that,
 We sit an Hour to drink and chat.
 'Tis late—the old and younger Pairs,
 By ² Adam lighted, walk up Stairs.
 The weary Dean goes to his Chamber,
 And Nim and Dan to Garret clamber.
 So when the Circle we have run,
 The Curtain falls, and we have done.

I MIGHT have mention'd sev'ral Facts,
 Like Episodes between the Acts;
 And tell who loses, and who wins,
 Who gets a Cold, who breaks his Shins;
 How Dan caught nothing in his Net,
 And how the Boat was overfet;
 For Brevity I have retrench'd
 How in the Lake the Dean was drench'd;
 It would be an Exploit to brag on,
 How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon.

² The Footman.

How

How steddly in the Stern he sat,
 And sav'd his Oar, but lost his Hat :
 How *Nim* (no Hunter e'er could match him)
 Still brings us Hares when he can catch 'em :
 How skilfully *Dan* mends his Nets ;
 How Fortune fails him when he sets :
 Or how the Dean delights to vex
 The Ladies, or lampoon the Sex :
 Or how our Neighbour lifts his Nose
 To tell what ev'ry School-boy knows,
 Then with his Finger on his Thumb
 Explaining, strikes Opposers dumb :
 Or how his Wife, that Female Pedant,
 (But now there need no more be said on't)
 Shews all her Secrets of House keeping ;
 For Candles how she trucks her Dripping :
 Was forc'd to send three Miles for Yest
 To brew her Ale, and raise her Paste ;
 Tells ev'ry thing that you can think of,
 How she cur'd *Tommy* of the Chin-cough ;
 What gave her Brats and Pigs the Meazles,
 And how her Doves were kill'd by Weezles ;
 How *Fowler* howl'd, and what a Fright
 She had with Dreams the other Night.

But now, since I have gone so far on,
 A Word or two of Lord Chief Baron ;
 And tell how little Weight he sets
 On all *Whig* Papers, and *Gazettes* ;

But

But for the Politicks of *Pus*
Thinks ev'ry Syllable is true.
And since he owns the King of *Sweden*
Is dead at last without evading,
Now all his Hopes are in the *Czar*;

"Why, *Muscovy* is not so far,

"Down the *Black Sea* and up the *Streights*,

"And in a Month he's at your Gates ;

"Perhaps from what the Packet brings

"By *Christmas* we shall see strange Things."

Why should I tell of Ponds and Drains,

What Carps we met with for our Pains,

Of Sparrows tam'd, and Nuts innumerable

To choak the Girls, and to consume-a-Rabble,

But you, who are a Scholar, know

How transient are all Things below,

How prone to change is human Life !

Last Night arriv'd *Clem* and his Wife—

This grand Event half broke our Measures ;

Their Reign began with cruel Seizures ;

The *Dean* must with his Quilt supply

The Bed in which these Tyrants lie,

Nim lost his Wig-Block, *Dan* his Jordan,

(My Lady says she can't afford one)

A News-Writer.

George

George is half scar'd out of his Wits,
 For Clem gets all the dainty Bits.
 Henceforth expect a diff'rent Survey,
 This House will soon turn topsy-turvy.
 They talk of further Alterations,
 Which causes many Speculations.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and Swain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot* hight,
 Who wont to weed the Court of *Gosford Knight*,
 While each with stubbed Knife remov'd the Roots
 That rais'd between the Stones their daily Shoots;
 As at their Work they sat in Counterview,
 With mutual Beauty smit, their Passion grew.
 Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly flowing Strain,
 The soft Endearments of the Nymph and Swain.

DERMOT.

My Love to *Sheelah* is more firmly fixt,
 Than strongest Weeds that grow these Stones betwixt.
 My Spud these Nettles from the Stones can part,
 No Knife so keen to weed thee from my Heart.

SHEELAH.

My Love for gentle *Dermot* faster grows
 Than yon tall Dock that rises to thy Nose.

Cut

Cut down the Dock, 'twill sprout again, but O!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.
No more that Bry'r thy tender Legs shall rake
(I spare the Thistle for Sir *Arthur's* Sake.)
Sharp are the Stones, take thou this rushy Matt;
The hardest Bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.
THY Breeches torn behind, stand gaping wide,
This Petticoat shall save thy dear Back-side;
Nor need I blush, although you feel it wet;
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but Sweat.

DERMOT.
AT an old stubborn Root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this Tobacco Plug;
A longer half-p'orth never did I see;
This, dearest *Sheelab*, thou shalt share with me.

SHEELAH.
IN at the Pantry Door this Morn I slip't,
And from the Shelf a charming Crust I whipt;
Dennis was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my Dear, shalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT.
WHEN you saw *Tady* at long Bullets play,
You sat and lows'd him all the Sunshine Day.
How could you, *Sheelab*, listen to his Tales,
Or crack such Lice as his between your Nails?

SHEELAH.

WHEN you with *Oonab* stood behind a Ditch,
 I peep'd and saw you kiss the dirty Bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch those nasty Stats?
 I almost wish'd this Spud were in your Guts.

DERMOT.

IF *Oonab* once I kiss'd, forbear to chide:
 Her Aunt's my Gossip by my Father's Side:
 But, if I ever touch her Lips again,
 May I be doom'd for Life to weed in Rain.

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, tho' *Tady's* Locks could hold
 Then thousand Lice, and every Louse was Gold,
 Him on my Lap you never more should see;
 Or may I lose my Weeding-knife—and Thee.

DERMOT.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely Lass,
 A Pair of Brogues to bear thee dry to Mass!
 But see, where *Norab* with his Sowins comes—
 Then let us rise and rest our weary Burns.

Mary

Vol. IV.

Mary the Cook-Maid's LETTER to
Dr. Sheridan.

WELL; if ever I saw such another Man since
my Mother bound my Head,
You a Gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where
You were bred;
I am sure such Words do not become a Man of your
Cloth;
I would not give such Language to a Dog, faith and
troth.
Yes, you call'd my Master a Knave: Fie, Mr. Sher-
idan, 'tis a Shame
For a Parson, who should know better Things, to
come out with such a Name.
Knave in your Teeth, Mr. Sheridan, 'tis both a
Shame and a Sin,
And the Dean my Master is an honest Man than
you and all your Kin:
He has more Goodness in his little Finger, than you
have in your whole Body,
My Master is a parsonable Man, and not a spindle-
shank'd hoddie-doddy.
And now whereby I find you would fain make an
Excuse,
Because my Master one Day in Anger call'd you
Goose,

Which, and I am sure I have been his Servant four
Years since *Ozober*,

And he never call'd me worfe than Sweetheart, drunk
or sober :

Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd
to my Knowledge,

Tho' you and your Come-rogues keep him out so
late in your College.

You say you will eat Grasse on his Grave : a Christian
eat Grasse !

Whereby you now confess yourself to be a Goose on
an Ass :

But that's as much as to say, that my Master should
die before ye.

Well, Well, that's as God pleases, and I don't be-
lieve that's a true Story :

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my
Master ; what care I ?

And I don't care who knows it, 'tis all one to *Mary*.

Every body knows, that I love to tell Truth and
shame the Devil;

I am but a poor Servant, but I think Gentlefolks
should be civil.

Besides you found fault with our Vittles one Day that
you was here,

I remember it was on *Tuesday* of all Days in the
Year.

And

And *Saunders* the Man says, you are always jesting
and mocking.

Mary said he (one Day, as I was mending my Ma-
ster's Stocking)

My Master is so fond of that Minister that keeps the
School,

I thought my Master a wise Man, but that Man makes
him a Fool.

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a Quart of Ale,
He would come into our Kitchen, and I would pin
a Dish-clout to his Tail.

And now I must go, and get *Saunders* to direct this
Letter,

For I write but a sad Scrawl, but my Sister *Marget*
she writes better.

Well, but I must run and make the Bed before my
Master comes from Pray'rs,

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming
up Stairs :

Whereof I could say more to your Verses, if I could
write written hand,

And so I remain in a civil Way, your Servant to
command,

MARY.

**A DIALOGUE between Mad Mul-
linix and Timothy.**

M. I Own 'tis not my Bread and Butter,
But prides, *Tim*, why all this Clutter?
Why ever in these raging Fits,
Dawning to Hell the Jacobites?
When if you search the Kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found:

No, not among the Priests and Fryers.

T. Twixt you and me, G—d damn the Lyars.

M. The Tories are gone ev'ry Man over
To our illustrious House of Hanover:
From all their Conduct this is plain,
And then——

T. G—d damn the Lyars again.
Did not an Earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his Throat)
Our whole Accounts of publick Debts?

M. Lord, how this frothy Coxcomb frets! [*aside.*]

T. Did not an able Statesman B——
This dang'rous horrid Motion dish-up
As *Popish* Craft? Did he not rail on't?
Shew Fire and Faggot in the Tail on't?
Proving the Earl a grand Offender,
And in a Plot for the Pretender?

Whose

Whose Fleet, 'tis all our Friends Opinion,
Was then embarking at *Avignon*.

THESE brangling Jars of *Whig* and *Tory*,
Are stale, and worn as *Troy-Town Story*:

The Wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.

Your Faction, when their Game was new,
Might want such noisy Fools as you;

But you, when all the Show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;

Like *Martin Marall*, gaping on,
Not minding when the Song is done.

When all the *Bar* are gone to settle,
You clatter still your Brazen Kettle.

The Leaders whom you listed under,
Have dropt their Arms and seiz'd the Plunder.

And when the War is past, you come,
To rattle in their Bars your Drum;

And as that hateful hideous *Grecian*
Thersites (he was your Relation)

Was more abhor'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd, than by his Foes;

So thou art grown the Detestation
Of all thy Party through the Nation;

Thy peevish and perpetual Teasing,
With Plots, and *Jacobites*, and Treason;

Thy busy, never-meaning Face,
Thy screw'd-up Front, thy State-grimace;

Thy formal Nods, important Sneers,
 Thy Whisp'rings foisted in all Ears,
 (Which are, whatever you may think,
 But Nonsense wrapt up in a Stink)
 Have made thy Presence, in a true Sense,
 To thy own Side so dam'd a Nuisance,
 That when they have you in their Eye,
 As if the Devil drove, they fly.

T. My good Friend *Mullins*, forbear,
 I vow to G— you're too severe;
 If it could ever yet be known,
 I took Advice, except my own,
 It should be yours: But D— my Blood,
 I must pursue the public Good:
 The Faction (is it not notorious?)
 Keck at the Memory of *Glorious*.
 'Tis true, nor need I to be told,
 My *quondam* Friends are grown so cold,
 That scarce a Creature can be found,
 To prance with me his Statue round.
 The publick Safety, I foresee,
 Henceforth depends alone on me;
 And while this vital Breath I blow,
 Or from above, or from below,
 I'll sputter, swagger, curse and rail,
 The *Tories* Terror, Scourge and Flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the Matter quite,
 The *Tories*! you are their *Delight*;

And

And should you act a different Part,
Be grave and wise——'twould break their Heart.
Why, *Tim*, you have a Taste I know,
And often see a *Puppet-show*;
Observe the Audience is in Pain,
While *Punch* is hid behind the Scene;
But when they hear his rusty Voice,
With what Impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two Straws,
How *Solomon* decides the Cause,
Which the true Mother, which *Firstender*,
Nor listen to the *Witch* of *Enders*;
Should *Faustus* with the Devil behind him
Enter the Stage, they never mind him;
If *Punch*, to spout their Fancy, shows
In at the Door his monstrous Nose,
Then sudden draws it back again;
O what a Pleasure mixt with Pain!
You ev'ry Moment think an Age,
'Till he appears upon the Stage;
And first his Bum you see him clap,
Upon the Queen of *Sheba's* Lap;
The Duke of *Lorraine* drew his Sword,
Punch roaring run, and running roar'd,
Revil'd all People in his Jargon;
And sold the King of *Spain* a Bargain;
St. *George* himself he plays the Waggon,
And mounts astride upon the Dragon;

He

He gets a thousand Thumps and Kicks, and often
 Yet cannot leave his Roguish Tricks; and often
 In ev'ry Action thrusts his Nose, and often
 The Reason why, no Mortal knows, and often
 In doleful Scenes that break our Hearts, and often
Punch comes, like you, and lets us see, and often
 There's not a Puppet made of Wood, and often
 But what would hang him if they could, and often
 While teasing all, by all he's made, and often
 How well are the Spectators pleas'd, and often
 Who in the Motion have no Share, and often
 But purely come to hear and see, and often
 Have no Concern for *Snake's* Sale, and often
 Which gets the better, *Saint* or *Snake*, and often
 Provided *Punch* (for there's the jest), and often
 Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest, and often

Thus, *Tim*, Philosophers suppose, and often
 The World consists of Puppets, and often
 Where petulant conceited Fellows, and often
 Perform the Part of *Pandemonium*, and often
 So at this Booth, which we call *Dublin*, and often
Tim, thou'rt the *Punch* to stir up Trouble in, and often
 You wriggle, fudge, and make a Rout, and often
 Put all your Brother Puppets out, and often
 Run on in a perpetual Round, and often
 To teaze, perplex, disturb, confound, and often
 Introduce with Monkey Grin and Chatter, and often
 To interrupt all serious Matter, and often

Are

Mad MULLINIX and TIMOTHY. 235

Are grown the Nuisance of your Clan;
Who hate and scorn you to a Man;
But then, the Lookers-on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry Stories;
They would consent, that all the Crew
Were hang'd before they'd part with you.

BUT tell me, *Tim*, upon the Spot,
By all this Cowl what hast thou got?
If Tories must have all the Sport,
I fear you'll be disgrac'd at Court.

T. Got, D— my Blood, I frank my Letters,
Walk by my Place before my Betters;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in Time to be a P—
Got? D—me, why I got my Will!
Ne'er hold my Peace, and ne'er stand still:
I f—t with twenty Ladits by,
They call me Beast, and what care I
I bravely call the *Twin Jacks*,
And Sons of Whores—behind their Backs.
But could you bring me once to think,
That when I strut, and stare, and sink,
Reville and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make Oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal Zeal,
To serve my self and Commonwealth,
And fret the Tories Souls to Death,
I did but lose my precious Breath,

And

And when I damn my Soul to plague 'em,
 Are, as you tell me, but their May game;
 Consume my Vitals; they shall know,
 I am not to be treated so;
 I'd rather hang myself by half,
 Than give those Rascals Cause to laugh.

But how, my Friend, can I endure,
 Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
 No little Boys and Girls to cry
There's nimble Tim a passing by.
 No more my dear delightful Way tread,
 Of keeping up a *Party-Hatred*!
 Will none the *Tory Dogs* pursue,
 When thro' the Streets I cry, *Halloo?*
 Must all my D—nec's, Bloods, and Wounds,
 Pass only now for empty Sounds?
 Shall *Tory Rascals* be elected,
 Although I swear them *disaffected*?
 And when I roar, *a Plor, a Plor,*
 Will our own Party mind me not?
 So qualified to swear and lye,
 Will they not trust me for a *Spy*?

Dear *Mullinix*, your good Advice
 I beg, you see the Case is nice:
 O, were I equal in Renown,
 Like thee, to please this thankless Town!
 Or blest with such engaging Parts,
 To win the truant School-boys Hearts!

Thy

Thy Virtues meet their just Reward,
 Attended by the *Sable Guard*,
 Charm'd by thy Voice the *Prentice* drops
 The Snow-ball destin'd at thy Chops!
 Thy graceful Steps, and Col'nell's Air,
 Allure the *Cinder-picking Fair*.
 M. No more——In Mark of true Affection,
 I take thee under my Protection:
 Thy Parts are good, 'tis not deny'd,
 I wish they had been well apply'd
 But now observe my Counsel (give)
 Adapt your Habit to your Phyz;
 You must no longer thus equip ye,
 As *Horace* says, *optat Epippia*:
 (There's *Latin* too, that you may see
 How much improv'd by Dr. —)
 I have a Coat at home, that you may try;
 'Tis just like this, which hangs by Geometry;
 My Hat has much the nicer Air,
 Your Block will fit it to a Hair;
 That Wig I would not for the World
 Have it so formal, and so curl'd,
 'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
 When I have lain in it a Week!
 You'll find it well prepar'd, I to take
 The Figure of *Toupee* or *Snake*.
 Thus dress'd alike from Top to Toe,
 That which is which 'tis hard to know,

When

When first in Public we appear,
 I'll lead the Van, keep you the Rear;
 Be careful as you walk behind,
 Use all the Talents of your Mind;
 Be studious well to imitate
 My portly Motion, Mien, and Gate;
 Mark my Address, and learn my Style;
 When to look scornful, when to smile;
 Nor sputter out your Oaths so fast,
 But keep your Swearing to the last;
 Then at your Leisure we'll be witty,
 And in the Streets divert the City
 The Ladies from the Windows gaping,
 The Children all our Motions aping,
 Your Conversation to refine,
 I'll take you to some Friends of mine,
 Choice Spirits, who employ their Parts,
 To mend the World by useful Arts;
 Some cleansing hollow Tubes, to spy
 Direct the Zenith of the Sky;
 Some have the City in their Care,
 From noxious Steams to purge the Air;
 Some teach us in these dang'rous Days,
 How to walk upright in our Ways;
 Some, whose reforming Hands engage,
 To lash the Lewdness of the Age;
 Some for the public Service go,
 Perpetual Envoys to and fro;

Whose

Whose able Heads support the Weight
Of twenty M——rs of State:
We scorn, for want of Talks, to jabber
Of Parties o'er our *Benny-clabber*:
Nor are we studious to enquire,
Who votes for Manors, who for Hire;
Our Care is to improve the Mind,
With what concerns all human Kind;
The various Scenes of mortal Life,
Who beats her Husband, who his Wife;
Or how the Bully at a Stroke,
Knock'd down the Boy, the *Lantern broke*.
One tells the rife of Cheese and Oatmeal,
Another when he got a hot Meal;
One gives Advice in Proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a Scold;
Or how by *Almanacks* 'tis clear,
That Herrings will be cheap this Year.

T. Dear *Mullinix*, I now lament,
My precious Time so long mispent,
By Nature meant for nobler Ends,
O, introduce me to your Friends;
For whom, by Birth, I was design'd,
'Till Politicks debas'd my Mind:
I give myself intire to you,
G—d—the *Whigs* and *Tories* too.

* EPITAPH

HERE continueth to rest
 The Body of **FRA — S — HO — IS**
 Who, with an **INEXHAUSTIBLE CONSTANCY**
 and **INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life**
 Persisted, husband and wife
 In Spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES
 In the Practice of **EVERY HUMANE VICE**
 Excepting **PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY**
 His Insatiable **AVARICE** exempting him
 From the first
 His Matchless **IMPUDENCE** from the second.
 Nor was he more singular
 In the un-deviating *Pravity of his Manners*
 Than successful in *Accumulating WEALTH*.
 For, without **TRADE or PROFESSION**,
 Without **TRUST of PUBLICK MONEY**,
 And without **BRIBE-WORTHY SERVICE**,
 He acquired, or more properly created,
 A **MINISTERIAL ESTATE**:
 He was the only Person of his Time,
 Who could **CHEAT** without the Mask of
HONESTY,

Retain

Retain his Primæval MEANNESS,
 When possess'd of TEN THOUSAND a YEAR,
 And having daily deserv'd the GIBBET
 For what he *did*,
 Was at last condemn'd to it
 For what he *could* not do.

Oh indignant Reader!
 Think not his Life useless to Mankind!
 PROVIDENCE conniv'd
 At his execrable Designs,
 To give to After-AGES
 A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE
 Of how small Estimation is
 EXORBITANT WEALTH in the Sight of GOD,
 By his bestowing it
 On the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

* *Joannes jaces hic Mirandula——cætera norunt
 Et Tagus & Ganges—forsan & Antipodes.*

Apply'd to F. C.

HERE Francis Ch—s lies—Be civil.
 The rest God knows—perhaps the Devil.

* EPIGRAM.

*P*eter complains, that God has giv'n
 To this poor Babe a Life so short :
 Consider, *Peter*, he's in Heaven ;
 'Tis good to have a Friend at Court.

* Another.

*Y*OU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come :
 Knock as you please, there's no body at home.

* EPITAPH [of By-Words.]

*H*ERE lies a round Woman, who thought
mighty odd
 Ev'ry Word she e'er heard in this Church about God :
 To convince her of God the good Deandid endeavour,
 But still in her Heart she held *Nature* more *clever*.
 Tho' he talk'd much of Virtue, her Head always run
 Upon something or other she found better *Fun*,

For

For the Dame, by her Skill in Affairs Astronomical,
 Imagin, to live in the Clouds was but *comical*.
 In this World, she despis'd ev'ry Soul she met here,
 And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but *Queer*.

EPIGRAM.

*On seeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church
 in the Time of Divine Service, to wait
 on his Grace the D. of D——*

LORD *Par* in the Church (could you think it)
 kneel'd down,
 When told the Lieutenant was just come to Town.
 His Station despising, unaw'd by the Place,
 He flies from his God, to attend on his Grace:
 To the Court it was fitter to pay his Devotion,
 Since God had no Hand in his Lordship's Promotion.

* EPIGRAM *from the FRENCH.*

SIR, I admit your gen'ral Rule
 That ev'ry Poet is a Fool :
 But you yourself may serve to show it,
 That ev'ry Fool is not a Poet.

* EPITAPH.

WELL then, poor G— lies under Ground !
 So there's an End of honest Jack.
 So little Justice here he found,
 'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

* EPIGRAM.

On the Toasts of the Kit-Cat Club,

Anno 1716.

W Hence deathless *Kit-Cat* took its Name,
 Few Criticks can unriddle;
 Some say from *Pastry-Cook* it came,
 And some from *Cat* and *Fiddle*;
 From no trim Beaus its Name it boasts,
 Grey Statesmen, or Green Wits;
 But from this Pell-mell-Pack of Toasts,
 Of old *Cats* and young *Kits*.

* *To a LADY with the Temple of*
 Fame.

W HAT's Fame with Men, by Custom of the
 Nation,
 Is call'd in Women only Reputation?
 About them both why keep we such a Pother?
 Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

* V E R S E S

*To be placed under the Picture of Eng-
land's Arch-Poet: Containing a com-
pleat Catalogue of his Works.*

SEE who ne'er was or will be half read!
Who first sung 1 *Arthur*, then sung 2 *Alfred*,
Prais'd great 3 *Eliza* in God's Anger,
'Till all true *Englishmen* cry'd, Hang her!
Made *William's* Virtues wipe the bare A—
And hung up *Marlborough* in 4 *Arras*:
Then hiss'd from Earth, grew Heav'nly quite;
Made ev'ry Reader curse the 5 *Light*;
Maul'd human *Wit* in one thick 6 *Satyr*,
Next, in three Books, sunk 7 *Human Nature*,
Un-did 8 *Creation* at a Jerk,
And of 9 *Redemption* made damn'd Work.

-
- 1 Two Heroic Poems in Folio, twenty Books.
 - 2 Heroic Poems in twelve Books.
 - 3 Heroic Poems in Folio, ten Books.
 - 4 Instructions to *Vanderbank*, a Tapestry-Weaver.
 - 5 Hymn to the Light.
 - 6 Satyr against *Wit*.
 - 7 Of the Nature of Man.
 - 8 *Creation*, a Poem in seven Books.
 - 9 The Redeemer, another Heroic Poem in six Books.

Then

Then took his Muse at once, and dipt her
Full in the Middle of the Scripture.
What Wonders there the Man grown old did ?
Sternbold himself he out-Sternbolded,
~~Made 10 David seem so mad and freakish,~~
All thought him just what thought King Achish!
No Mortal read his 11 Salomon,
But judg'd Roboam his own Son.
Moses 12 he serv'd as Moses Phar'ah,
And Deborah, as She Siferah :
Made 13 Jeremy full fore to cry,
And 14 Job himself curse God and die.

What Punishment all this must follow ?
Shall Arthur use him like King Tollo ?
Shall David as Uriah slay him ?
Or dext'rous Deb'rah Siferah him ?
Or shall Eliza lay a Plot,
To treat him like her Sister Beor ?
Shall William dub his better End ?
Or Marlborough serve him like a Friend ?

-
- 10 Translation of all the Psalms.
11 Canticles and Ecclesiast.
12 Paraphrase of the Canticles of Moses and Deborah, &c.
13 The Lamentations.
14 The whole Book of Job, a Poem in Falio.
* Kick him on the Breech, not Knight him on the Shoulder.

No, none of these — Heaven spare his Life, say
But send him, honest *Job*, thy *Wife*.

Dr. Sw — — — to Mr. P — — — E,

While he was writing the Dunciad,

POPE has the Talent well to speak,

But not to reach the Ear;

His loudest Voice is low and weak,

The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,

Then diff'rent Studies chuse,

The *Dean* sits plodding on a Book,

Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now Backs of Letters, though design'd

For those who more will need 'em,

Are fill'd with Hints, and interlin'd,

Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each Atom by some other struck,

All Turns and Motion tries:

Till in a Lump together stuck,

Behold a *Poem* life!

Yet

BOUNCE to FOP.

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Yet to the Dean his Share allot;

He claims it by a Canon;

That, without which a Thing is not

Is, *causa sine qua non*.

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your Wit

For, had our deaf Divine

Been for your Conversation fit,

You had not writ a Line.

Of Prelate thus, for preaching fam'd,

The Sexton reason'd well,

And justly half the Merit claim'd,

Because he rang the Bell.

BOUNCE to FOP.

An Epistle from a Dog at *Twickenham*
to a Dog at Court.

TO thee, sweet Fop, these Lines I send,
Who, tho' no Spaniel, am a Friend.

Tho' once my Tail, in wanton Play,

Now frisking this and then that way,

Chanc'd, with a Touch of just the Tip

To hurt your Lady-lap-dog-ship;

Yet thence to think I'd bite your Head off!

Sure *Bounce* is one you never read of.

FOP!

FOP! you can dance, and make a Leg,
 Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg.
 And (what's the Top of all your Tricks)
 Can stoop to pick up *Strings* and *Sticks*.
 We Country Dogs love nobler Sport,
 And scorn the *Pranks* of Dogs at Court.
 Fye, naughty Fop! where-e'er you come
 To f—t and p—is about the Room,
 To lay your Head in ev'ry Lap,
 And, when they think not of you—*snaps*?
 The worst that Envy, or that Spite
 E'er said of me, is, I can bite:
 That idle Gypsies, Rogues in Rags,
 Who poke at me, can make no Brags;
 And that to towze such Things as *flutter*,
 To honest *Bounce* is Bread and Butter.

WHILE you, and every courtly Fop,
 Fawn on the Devil for a Chop,
 I've the Humanity to hate
 A Butcher, tho' he brings me Meat;
 And let me tell you, have a Nose,
 (Whatever stinking Fops suppose)
 That under Cloth of Gold or Tissue,
 Can smell a Plaster, or an Issue.

YOUR pilf'ring Lord, with simple Pride,
 May wear a Pick-lock at his Side:
 My Master wants no Key of State,
 For *Bounce* can keep his House and Gate.

WHEN

WHEN all such Dogs have had their Days,
 As knavish *Pams*, and fawning *Trays*;
 When pamper'd *Cupids*, beastly *Venis*,
 And motly, squinting * *Harlequins*,
 Shall lick no more their Lady's B——,
 But die of Looseness, Claps, or Itch;
 Fair *Thames* for either echoing Shore
 Shall hear and dread my manly Roar.

SEE *Bounce*, like *Berecynthia*, crown'd
 With thund'ring Offspring all around,
 Beneath, beside me, and a top,
 A hundred Sons, and not one Top.

BEFORE my Children get your Beef,
 Not one true *Bounce* will be a Thief;
 Not one without Permission feed,
 (Tho' some of Y——'s hungry Breed)
 But whatsoe'er the Father's Race,
 From me they suck a little Grace,
 While your fine Whelps learn all to steal,
 Bred up by Hand on Chick and Veal.
 My Eldest-born resides not far,
 Where shines great *Stratford's* glittering Star:
 My second (Child of Fortune!) waits
 At *Burlington's* Palladian Gates:

* Alii legunt *Harvequins*.

A third majestically stalks
 (Happiest of Dogs!) in *Cobham's Walks*:
 One ushers Friends to *Bathurst's Door*,
 One fawns, at *Oxford's*, on the Poor.

NOBLES, whom Arms or Arts adorn,
 Wait for my Infants yet unborn:
 None but a Peer of Wit and Grace,
 Can hope a Puppy of my Race.

AND O! would Fate the Bliss decree
 To mine (a Bliss too great for me)
 That two, my tallest Sons, might grace
 Attending each with stately Pace,
Iulus' Side, as erst *Evander's*,
 To keep off Flatterers, Spies, and Panders.
 To let no noble Slave come near,
 And scare Lord *Pannys* from his Ear:
 Then might a royal Youth, and true,
 Enjoy at least a Friend—or two:
 A Treasure, which, of royal Kind,
 Few but himself deserve to find.

THEN *Bounce*: (tis all that *Bounce* can crave)
 Shall wag her Tail within the Grave.

Virg. En. viii.

On

* *On the Countess of B—n Cutting Paper.*

Pallas grew vap'rish once and odd,

She would not do the least right Thing,
Either for Goddess or for God,

Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing,

Jove frown'd, and " Use (he cry'd) those Eyes

" So skilful, and those Hands so taper;

" Do something exquisite, and wise"—

She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut Paper.

This vexing him who gave her Birth,

Thought by all Heav'n a burning Shame,

What does she next, but bids on Earth

Her B—l—n do just the same.

Pallas, you give yourself strange Airs;

But sure you'll find it hard to spoil

The Sense and Taste of one that bears

The Name of *Savil* and of *Boyle*.

Alas one bad Example shown,

How quickly all the Sex pursue!

See, Madam, see, the Arts o'erthrown,

Between *John Overton* and *You*.

** On a certain Lady at Court.*

I KNOW the Thing that's most uncommon ;
 (Envy be silent, and attend)
 I know a reasonable Woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a Friend,
 Nor warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
 Not grave thro' Pride, or gay thro' Folly,
 An equal Mixture of good Humour,
 And sensible soft Melancholy.
 " Has she no Faults then (Envy says) Sir ?"
 Yes, she has one, I must aver:
 When all the World conspires to praise her,
 The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

To Doctor D—L—Y, on the Libels
writ against him.

AS some raw Youth in Country bred,
To Arms by Thirst of Honour led,
When at a Skirmish first he hears
The Bullets whistling round his Ears,
Will duck his Head aside, will start,
And feel a Trembling at his Heart:
Till, 'scaping off' without a Wound,
Lessens the Terror of the Sound:
Fly Bullets now as thick as Hops,
He runs into a Cannon's Chops.
An Author thus who pants for Fame
Begins the World with Fear and Shame,
When first in Print, you see him dread
Each Pot-gun level'd at his Head:
The Lead yon Critick's Quill contains,
Is destin'd to beat out his Brains.
As if he heard loud Thunders roll,
Cries, Lord have Mercy on his Soul,
Concluding that another Shot
Would strike him dead upon the Spot.
But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one Creature dropping:
That, missing Fire, or missing Aim,
His Life is safe, I mean his Fame,

The

The Danger past, takes Heart of Grace,
And looks a Critick in the Face.

THOUGH Splendor gives the fairest Mark
To poison'd Arrows from the Dark,
Yet ³, in your self when smooth and round,
They glance aside without a Wound.

'Tis said, the Gods try'd all their Art,
How, Pain they might from Pleasure part;
But little could their Strength avail,
Both still are fast'ned by the Tail.
Thus, Fame and Censure with a Tether
By Fate are always link'd together.

WHY will you aim to be preferr'd
In Wit before the common Herd?
And yet grow mortify'd and vext,
To pay the Penalty annex.

'Tis Eminence makes Envy rise,
As fairest Fruits attract the Flies.
Should stupid Libels grieve your Mind,
You soon a Remedy may find:

LIE down obscure like other Folks
Below the Lash of Snarler's Jokes.
Their Faction is five hundred odds,
For, ev'ry Coxcomb lends them Rods:

³ In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.

And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like Females o'er their Morning Tea.

You say, the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a Vein:
Then, if you find the Terms too hard,
No longer my Advice my regard:
But raise your Fancy on the Wing;
The *Irish Senate's* Praises sing:
How jealous of the Nation's Freedom,
And, for Corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the Publick Good pursues,
How far their Hearts from private Views;
Make all true Patriots up to Shoe-boys;
Huzza their Brethren at the *Blue-boys*.
And dread no more the Rage of Grub;
You then may soon be of the Club.

How oft' am I for Rhime to seek?
To dress a Thought, I toil a Week:
And then how thankful to the Town,
If all my Pains will earn a Crown,
Whilst ev'ry Critick can devour
My Work and me in half an Hour?
Would Men of Genius cease to write,
The Rogues must die for want of Spight,
Must die for want of Food and Raiment,
If Scandal did not find them Payment.

How chearfully the Hawkers cry
 A Satire, and the Gentry buy!
 While my hard-labour'd Poem pines
 Unfold upon the Printer's Lines.

A Genius in the Reverend Gown
 Must ever keep its Owner down:
 'Tis an unnatural Conjunction,
 And spoils the Credit of the Function:
 Round all your Brethren cast your Eyes;
 Point out the surest Men to rise:
 That Club of Candidates in Black,
 The least deserving of the Pack,
 Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
 With Grace and Learning unendow'd,
 Will sooner coin a thousand Lyes
 Than suffer Men of Parts to rise:
 They croud about Preferment's Gate,
 And press you down with all their Weight.
 For, as of old, Mathematicians
 Were by the Vulgar thought Magicians:
 So Academic dull Ale-drinkers
 Pronounce all Men of Wit, Free-thinkers.

WIT, as the chief of Virtue's Friends,
 Disdains to serve ignoble Ends.
 Observe what Loads of stupid Rhimes
 Oppress us in corrupted Times:
 What

What Pamphlets in a Court's Defence
Shew Reason, Grammar, Truth, or Sense?
For, though the Muse delights in Fiction,
She ne'er inspires against Conviction.
Then keep your Virtue still unmixt,
And let not Faction come betwixt.
By Party Steps no Grandeur climb at,
Tho' it would make you *England's* Primate;
First learn the Science to be dull,
You then may soon your Conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your Genius in your Face will fly.

WHEN *Jove* was from his towering Head,
Of Wits fair Goddess brought to Bed,
There follow'd at his Lying-in
For After-birth a *Sootenkin*;
Which, as the Nurse purposed to kill,
Attain'd by Flight the Muse's Hill;
There in the Soil began to root,
And litter'd at *Parnassus* Foot:
From hence the Critic Vermin sprung
With Harpy Claws and Poisonous Tongue,
Who fatten on Poetic Scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in Traps.
Dame Nature, as the Learned shew,
Provides each Animal its Foe:
Hounds hunt the Hare, the wily Fox
Devours your Geese, the Wolf your Flocks;

Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral Claim
To persecute the Muses Fame;
On Poets in all Times abusive,
From *Homer* down to *Pope* inclusive.

YET, what avails it to complain?
You try to take Revenge in vain.
A Rat your utmost Rage defies
That safe behind the Wainscot lies:
Say, did you ever know by Sight
In Cheese an individual Mite?
Shew me the same numeric Flea,
That bit your Neck but Yesterday:
You then may boldly go in Quest
To find the *Grubstreet* Poet's Nest.
What Spunging-House in dread of Jail
Receives them while they wait for Bail:
What Alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a Cup of Gin:
Find the last Garret where they lay,
Or Cellar, where they starve to Day.
Suppose you had them all trepann'd
With each a Libel in his Hand,
What Punishment would you inflict?
Or call 'em Rogues, or get 'em kick'd?
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige 'em so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their Trash the better sell.

You have been libel'd—Let us know
 What senseless Coxcomb told you so.
 Will you regard the Hawker's Cries
 Who in his Titles always lyes?
 Whate'er the noisy Scoundrel says
 It might be something in your Praise:
 And, Praise bestow'd in *Grubstreet Rhymes*,
 Would vex one more a thousand Times.
 'Till Blockheads blame, and Judges praise,
 The Poet cannot claim his Bays.
 On me, when Dunces are satyric,
 I take it for a Panegyric.
Hated by Fools, and Fools to hate,
Be that my Motto, and my Fate.

On DREAMS, *an Imitation of*
 Petronius.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

THOSE Dreams that on the silent Night intrude,
 And with false flitting Shades our Minds delude,
 Jove never sends us downward from the skies,
 Nor can they from infernal Mansions rise;
 But all are meer Productions of the Brain,
 And Fools consult Interpreters in vain.

FOR, when in Bed we rest our weary Limbs,
 The Mind unburthen'd sports in various Whims;
 The busy Head with mimic Art runs o'er,
 The Scenes and Actions of the Day before.

THE drowsy Tyrant, by his Minions led,
 To regal Rage devotes some Patriot's Head.
 With equal Terrors, not with equal Guilt,
 The Murd'rer dreams of all the Blood he spilt.

THE Soldier smiling hears the Widow's Cries;
 And stabs the Son before the Mother's Eyes.
 With like Remorse his Brother of the Trade,
 The Butcher sells the Lamb beneath his Blade.

THE Statesman rakes the Town to find a Plot,
 And dreams of Forfeitures by Treason got.
 Nor less Tom T—d-man of true Statesmen Mold,
 Collects the City Filth in Search of Gold.

ORPHANS

ORPHANS around his Bed the Lawyer sees,
And takes the Plaintiffs and Defendant's Fees,
His Fellow Pick-Purse, watching for a Job,
Fancies his Fingers in the Cully's Fob.

THE kind Physician grants the Husband's Pray'rs,
Or gives Relief to long expecting Heirs.
The sleeping Hangman ties the fatal Noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead Mens Shoes.

THE grave Divine with knotty Points perplex,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his Text:
While the sly Mountebank attends his Trade,
Harangues the Rabble, and is better paid.

THE hireling Senator of modern Days,
Bedaubs the guilty Great with nauseous Praise:
And Dick the Scavenger with equal Grace,
Flirts from his Cart the Mud in ———'s Face.

To STELLA, *Visiting me in my Sick-*
ness, October 1727.

PALLAS, observing Stella's Wit.

Was more than for her Sex was fit;
And that her Beauty, soon or late,
Might breed Confusion in the State;
In high Concern for human kind,
Fixt Honour in her Infant Mind.

BUT (not in Wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious Age)
If Honour, I would here define,
It answers Faith in Things divine.
As nat'ral Life the Body warms,
And, Scholars teach, the Soul informs;
So Honour animates the Whole,
And is the Spirit of the Soul.

THOSE num'rous Virtues, which the Tribe
Of tedious Moralists describe,
And by such various Titles call,
True Honour comprehends them all.
Let Melancholy rule supreme,
Choler prelide, or Blood, or Phlegm,
It makes no Diff'rence in the Case,
Nor is Complexion Honour's Place.

BUT

BUT, lest we should for Honour take
 The Drunken Quarrels of a Rake;
 Or think it seated in a Seat,
 Or on a proud triumphal Car,
 Or in the Payment of a Debt,
 We lose with Sharpers at Picquet;
 Or, when a Whore in her Vocation,
 Keeps punctual to an Assignment;
 Or that on which his Lordship swears,
 When vulgar Knaves would lose their Bars:
 Let *Stella's* fair Example preach
 A Lesson she alone can teach.

IN Points of Honour to be try'd,
 All Passions must be laid aside;
 Ask no Advice, but think alone,
 Suppose the Question not your own;
 How shall I act? is not the Case;
 But how would *Brutus* in my Place
 In such a Cause would *Caesar* bleed?
 And how would *Socrates* proceed?

DRIVE all Objections from your Mind,
 Else you relapse to human kind;
 Ambition, Avarice, and Lust,
 And factious Rage, and Breach of Trust,
 And Flatt'ry, tipt with nauseous Fleece,
 And Guilt, and Shame, and servile Fear,
 Envy, and Cruelty, and Pride,
 Will in your tainted Heart preside.

HERONS

HEROES and Heroines of old,
 By Honour only were enroll'd
 Among their Brethren in the Skies,
 To which (tho' late) shall *Stella* rise,
 Ten thousand Oaths upon Record,
 Are not so sacred as her Word;
 The World shall in its Atoms end,
 Ere *Stella* can deceive a Friend.
 By Honour seated in her Breast,
 She still determines what is best;
 What Indignation in her Mind
 Against Enslavers of Mankind!
 Base Kings and Ministers of State,
 Eternal Objects of her Hate.

SHE thinks that Nature ne'er design'd
 Courage to Man to be confin'd,
 Can Cowardice her Sex adorn,
 Which most exposes ours to Scorn?
 She wonders where the Charm appears
 In *Florimel's* affected Fears;
 For *Stella* never learn'd the Art,
 At proper Times to scream and start;
 Nor calls up all the House at Night,
 And swears she saw a Thing in White.
 Doll never flies to cut her Lace,
 Or throw cold Water in her Face,
 Because she heard a sudden Drum,
 Or found an Earwig in a Plum.

HER

HER Hearers are amazed from whence
 Proceeds that Fend of Wit and Sense;
 Which, though her Modesty would shroud,
 Breaks like the Sun behind a Cloud,
 While Gracefulness its Art conceals,
 And yet thro' ev'ry Motion steals.

SAY, *Stella*, was Prometheus blind,
 And forming you, mistook your Kind?
 No; 'twas for you alone his Role
 The Fire that forms a manly Soul;
 Then, to complete it ev'ry Way,
 He moulded it with Female Clay,
 To that you owe the nobler Flame,
 To this, the Beauty of your Frame.

How would Ingratitude delight?
 And how would ~~Confuse~~ glut her Spight,
 If I should *Stella's* Kindness hide
 In Silence, or forget with Pride?
 When on my sickly Couch I lay,
 Impatient both of Night and Day,
 Lamenting in unmanly Strains,
 Call'd ev'ry Pow'r to ease my Pains,
 Then *Stella* ran to my Relief
 With chearful Face, and inward Grief;
 And tho' by Heav'n's severe Decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,
 No cruel Master could require,
 From Slaves employ'd for daily Hire,

What

What *Stella*, by her Friendship warm'd,
 With Vigour and Delight perform'd,
 My sinking Spirit now supplies
 With Cordials in her Hands, and Eyes,
 Now with a soft and silent Tread,
 Unheard she moves about my Bed.
 I see her taste each nauseous Draught,
 And so obligingly am caught:
 I bless the Hand from whence they came,
 Nor dare distort my Face for Shame.

BEST Pattern of true Friends, beware:
 You pay too dearly for your Care:
 If while your Tenderness secures
 My Life, it must endanger yours.
 For such a Fool was never found,
 Who pull'd a Palace to the Ground,
 Only to have the Ruins made
 Materials for an House decay'd.

V E R S E S

ON THE

Death of Dr. SWIET,

*Occasioned by reading the following
Maxim in ROCHFOLCAULT.*

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous
trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne
nous déplait pas.*

AS Rochfoucault his Maxims drew
From Nature, I believe 'em true:
They argue no corrupted Mind
In him: The Fault is in Mankind.

This Maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human Breast:

“ In all Distresses of our Friends

“ We first consult our private Ends:

“ While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,

“ Points out some Circumstance to please us.”

IF

If this perhaps your Patience move;
Let Reason and Experience prove.

We all behold with envious Eyes
Our Equal rais'd above our Size.
I love my Friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my View?
Then let me have the higher Post;
Suppose it but an Inch at most.
If in a Battle you should find
One, whom you love of all Mankind,
Had some heroic Action done;
A Champion kill'd, or Trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
Would you not wish his Laurels cropp'd?
Dear honest Ned is in the Gout,
Lies rack'd with Pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the Case is not your own!

WHAT Poet would not mourn to see
His Brother write as well as he?
But rather than they should excell
He'd wish his Rivals all in Hell.

Her End when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, stings and hisses:
The strongest Friendship yields to Pride,
Unless the Odds be on our Side.

VAIN

VAIN human Kind! fantastic Race!
 Thy various Follies who can trace!
 Self-love, Ambition, Envy, Pride,
 Their Empire in our Hearts divide:
 Give others Riches, Power, and Station;
 'Tis all on me a Usurpation.
 I have no Title to aspire;
 Yet when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In *Pope* I cannot read a Line,
 But with a Sigh I wish it mine:
 When he can in one Couplet fix
 More Sense, than I can do in six,
 It gives me such a jealous Fit;
 I cry, Pox take him and his Wit.
 I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*
 In my own humorous biting Way.
Arbutnot is no more my Friend;
 Who dares to Irony pretend;
 Which I was born to introduce;
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd its Use.
St. John, as well as *Pultney*, knows
 That I had some Repute for Prose;
 And, till they drove me out of Date,
 Could maul a Minister of State.
 If they have mortified my Pride,
 And made me throw my Pen aside;
 If with such Talents Heav'n hath blest em,
 Have I not Reason to detest 'em?

To

To all my Foes dear Fortune send
Thy Gifts, but never to my Friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with Envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of Proem;
Proceed we therefore to our Poem.

THE Time is not remote, when I shall on my end I
Must by the Course of Nature die;
When I foresee, my special Friends
Will try to find their private Ends.
And tho' 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my Death can do them good;
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak;
"See, how the Dean begins to break!"
Poor Gentleman! he droops apace;
You plainly find it in his Face;
That old Vertigo in his Head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides his Memory decays;
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his Friends to mind;
Forgets the Place where last he din'd;
Plies you with Stories o'er and o'er;
He told 'em fifty times before.
How does he fancy, we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion Wit;
But he takes up with younger Folks;
Who, for his Wine, will bear his Jokes.

Faith

Faith, he must make his Stories shorter,
Or change his Comrades once a Quarter :
In half the Time, he talks them round :
There must another Set be found.

For Poetry, he's past his Prime ;
He takes an Hour to find a Rhime :
His Fire is out, his Wit decay'd,
His Fancy sunk, his Muse a Jade.
I'd have him throw away his Pen ;
But there's no talking to some Men.

And then, their Tenderness appears,
By adding largely to my Years :
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers *Charles the Second*.
He hardly drinks a Pint of Wine ;
And that, I doubt, is no good Sign.
His Stomach too begins to fail :
Last year we thought him strong and hale ;
But now he's quite another Thing ;
I wish he may hold out till Spring.
Then hug themselves, and reason thus :
It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a Case they talk in Tropes,
And, by their Fears, express their Hopes.
Some great Misfortune to portend,
No Enemy can match a Friend.

With all the Kindness they profess
 The Merit of a lucky Guess
 When daily Howd'ys come of Course,
 And Servants answer, "worse and worse!"
 Would please 'em better, than to tell,
 That, God be prais'd, the Dean is well.
 Then he, who prophesy'd the best,
 Approves the Judgment to the rest:
 "You know, I always fear'd the worst,
 "And often told you so at first."
 He'd rather choose that I should die,
 Than his Prediction prove a Lie:
 Not one foretels, I shall recover;
 But all agree to give me over.

YET should some Neighbour feel a Pain
 Just in the Parts where I complain;
 How many a Message would he send?
 What hearty Prayers, that I should mend?
 Enquire what Regimen I kept,
 What gave me Ease, and how I slept:
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Than all the Sniv'lers round my Bed!

My good Companions, never fear;
 For, though you may mistake a Year,
 Though your Prognostics run too fast,
 They must be verifi'd at last.

BEHOLD

BEHOLD the fatal Day arrive!
How is the Dean? he's just alive!
Now the departing Prayer is read;
He hardly breathes. The Dean is dead.

BEFORE the Passing-Bell begun,
The News thro' half the Town has run.
Oh! may we all for Death prepare!
What has he left? And who's his Heir?
I know no more than what the News is;
'Tis all bequeathed to public Uses.
To public Uses! there's a Whim!
What had the Public done for him?
Mere Envy, Avarice, and Pride:
He gave it all—but first he dy'd.
And had the Dean in all the Nation
No worthy Friend? No poor Relation?
So ready to do Strangers Good,
Forgetting his own Pleth and Blood?

Now Grubstreet Wits are all employ'd;
With Elegies the Town is cloy'd:
Some Paragraph in every Paper
To curse the Dean, or *bless* the Drapier.
The Doctors, tender of their Name,
Wisely on me lay all the Blame.
We must confess his Case was nice;
But he would never take Advice,

Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
 He might have liv'd these twenty Years:
 For, when we open'd him, we found,
 That all his vital Parts were found.
 From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,
 'Tis told at Court the Dead is dead.
 And Lady S—— in the Spleen
 Runs laughing up to tell *****
 ** so gracious, mild, and good
 Cries, "is he gone! 'tis Time he shou'd."

" * * * * *
 " * * * * *
 " * * * * *
 " * * * * *
 " * * * * *
 " * * * * *

Now *Chartres*, at —— Levee,
 Tells, with a Sneer, the Tidings heavy:
 Why, if he dy'd without his Shoes,
 (Cries ——) I'm sorry for the News:
 Oh, were the Wretch but living still,
 And in his Place my good Friend *Will*!
 Or had a Mitre on his Head,
 Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead!

Now *Curl* his Shop from Rubbish drains:
 Three genuine *Tomes* of *Swift*'s Remains!
 And then to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore*, and *Cibber*.

He'll

He'll treat me as he does my Betters;
Publish my Will, my Life, my Letters,
Revive the Libels born to die;
Which *Pope* must bear as well as I.

HERE shift the Scene, to represent
How those I love my Death lament.
Poor *Pope* will grieve a Month, and *Gay*
A Week, and *Arbutnot* a Day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his Pen, and drop a Tear.
The rest will give a Shrug, and cry,
" I'm sorry, but we all must die!"

INDIFF'RENCE, clad in Wisdom's Guise,
All Fortitude of Mind supplies:
For how can stony Bowels melt,
In those, who never Pity felt?
When we are last'd, they kiss the Rod,
Resigning to the Will of God.

THE Fools, my Juniors by a Year,
Are tortur'd with Suspense and Fear;
Who wisely thought my Age a Screen,
When Death approach'd, to stand between;
The Screen remov'd, their Hearts are trembling,
They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female Friends, whose tender Hearts
Have better learn'd to act their Parts,

Receive the News in doleful Dumps:

"The Dean is dead (pray what is Trumps?)

"Then, Lord, have Mercy on his Soul.

"(Ladies, I'll venture for the Vole)

"Six Deans, they say, must bear the Pall.

"(I wish I knew what King to call.)

"Madam, your Husband will attend

"The Fun'ral of so good a Friend:

"No, Madam, 'tis a shocking Sight,

"And he's engag'd to-morrow Night:

"My Lady Club will take it ill,

"If he should fail her at Quadrill.

"He lov'd the Dean (I lead a Heart)

"But dearest Friends, they say, must part.

"His Time was come, he ran his Race;

"We hope he's in a better Place."

WHY do we grieve that Friends should die?

No Loss more easy to supply

One Year is past, a diff'rent Scene!

No farther mention of the Dean:

Who, now, alas! no more is miss'd,

Than if he never did exist.

Where's now the Fav'rite of Apollo?

Departed: *And his Works must follow;*

Must undergo the common Fate,

His kind of Wit is out of Date.

SOME Country Squire to Lintot goes,
Enquires for Swift in Verse and Prose;
Says Lintot, "I have heard the Name,
" He dy'd a Year ago." The same.
He searches all the Shop in vain.
" Sir, you may find them in *Duck-Lane*.
" I sent them with a Load of Books,
" Last *Monday* to the Pastry Cooks.
" To fancy, they cou'd live a Year!
" I find, you're but a Stranger here.
" The Dean was famous in his Time,
" And had a kind of Knack at Rhime,
" His way of Writing now is past.
" The Town has got a better Taste.
" I keep no antiquated Stuff,
" But Spick and Span I have enough.
" Pray, do but give me Leave to shew 'em:
" Here's *Colley Cibber's* Birth-day Poem.
" This Ode you never yet have seen
" By *Stephen Duck* upon the Queen.
" Then here's a Letter finely penn'd
" Against the *Craftsman* and his Friend:
" It clearly shews, that all Reflection
" On Ministers is Disaffection.
" Next, here's *Sir Robert's* Vindication,
" And Mr. *Henley's* last Oration.
" The Hawkers have not got 'em yet:
" Your Honour please to buy a Set."

SUPPOSE me dead; and then suppose
 A Club assembled at the *Rose*:
 Where, from Discourse of this and that,
 I grow the Subject of their Chat.

THE Dean, if we believe Report,
 Was never ill receiv'd at Court.
 Altho' ironically grave,
 He sham'd the Fool, and lash'd the Knave.

"SIR, I have heard another Story;
 "He was a most confounded Tory,
 "And grew, or he is much bely'd,
 "Extremely dull before he dy'd.

CAN we the *Drapier* e'er forget?
 Is not our *Nation* in his Debt;
 'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's Letters*——!

"HE should have left them for his *Betters*:
 "We had a hundred *abler Men*,
 "Nor need depend upon his *Pen*——
 "Say what you will about his *Reading*,
 "You never can defend his *Breeding*:
 "Who, in his *Satyr*s running Riot,
 "Could never leave the *World* in *Quiet*——
 "Attacking, when he took the *Whim*,
 "Court, City, Camp; all one to him——

"BUT, why would he, except he slobber'd,
 "Offend our *Patriot*, Great Sir R——?

Whose

- “ Whose Councils, aid the Sov'reign Pow'r,
 “ To save the Nation ev'ry Hour.
 “ What Scenes of Evil he unravels,
 “ In Satyrs, Libels, Lying Travels!
 “ Not sparing his own Clergy-Cloth,
 “ But, eats into it like a Moth—!”

PERHAPS I may allow, the Dean;
 Had too much Satyr in his Vein;
 And seem'd determin'd not to starve in,
 Because no Age could more deserve it.
 Vice, if it e're can be abash'd,
 Must be or Ridicul'd, or Lash'd.
 If you resent it, who's to blame?
 He neither knew you, nor your Name.
 Should Vice expect to 'scape Rebuke,
 Because its Owner is a Duke?
 His Friendship, still to few confin'd,
 Were always of the middling Kind:
 No Fools of Rank or Mongrel Breed,
 Who fain would pass for Lords indeed,
 Where Titles give no Right or Power,
 And Peerage is a wither'd Flower.
 He would have deem'd it, a Disgrace,
 If such a Wretch had known his Face.
 He never thought an Honour done him,
 Because a Peer was proud to own him:
 Would rather slip aside, and choose
 To talk with Wits in dirty Shoes;

And

And scorn the Tools, with Stars and Garters,
So often seen carelling *Gbartris*.

He kept with Princes due Decorum,
Yet never stood in Awe before 'em.
He follow'd *David's* Lesson just,
In Princes never put his Trust:
And, would you make him truly soure,
Provoke him with a Slave in Power.

" ALAS! poor *Deand*: his only Scope
" Was, to be held a *Misanthrop*.
" This into gen'ral *Odium* drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, much Good may do him.
" His Zeal was not to lash our Crimes,
" But, Discontent against the Times.
" For, had we made him timely Offers,
" To raise his Post, or fill his Coffers,
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other Brethren of his Gown.
" For Party he would scarce have bled
" I say no more, because he's dead.
" What Writings has he left behind?
I hear, they're of a different kind;
A few, in Verse; but most, in Prose.
" Some high flown Pamphlets, I suppose.
" All scribbled in the worst of Times.
" To palliate his Friend *Oxford's* Crimes,
" To praise Queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her.
" As never fav'ring the Pretender.

" Or

“ Or *Libels* yet conceal'd from Sight,
 “ Against the *Court* to shew his *Spight*,
 “ Perhaps, his *Travels*, *Part the Third*,
 “ A *Lye*, at ev'ry *second Word* :
 “ Offensive to a *Loyal Ear*——
 “ But—not one *Sermon*, you may *swear*——

As for his Works, in Verse or Prose,
 I own myself no Judge of those ;
 Nor can I tell what Criticks thought 'em ;
 But this I know, all People bought 'em ;
 As with a moral View design'd,
 To please, and to reform Mankind ;
 And, if he often miss'd his Aim,
 The *World* must own it, to their *Shame* ;
 The *Praise* is *His*, and *Theirs* the *Blame*.
 He gave the little Wealth he had,
 To build a House for Fools and Mad ;
 To shew, by one Satyric Touch,
 No Nation wanted it so much.
 And since your dread no farther Lashes,
 Methinks you may may forgive his Ashes.

F I N I S.

" Or I had yet conceal'd from sight
 " Against the East to show his light
 " Perhaps, his Rival, but I think
 " A few, at every second Word
 " Offensive to a good Man
 " But not one German, for they know

As for his Works, in Verse or Prose,
 I own myself no Judge of those;
 Not can I tell what Critics thought of em;
 But this I know, all People thought of em;
 As with a more than mortal danger
 To please, and so to please mankind;

And, if he often mistook his aim,
 The World must own it was his aim;
 The Poet is his Name;
 He gave the little
 To build a House for Mad;
 To show, by one Satiric Touch,
 No Nation wanted it so much.
 And since you drew no further Lines,
 Methinks you may forgive his Lines.



